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VOICES OF THE MORNING.

BY

BELLE BUSH.

"To set this age to music is the task before the Poets now."—
ALEXANDER SMITH.

PHILADELPHIA :
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
1865.

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Dedicatory Lines.

To all who sorrow for the early dead
Whose blood on Freedom's altar hath been shed.—
Lone mother-hearts, that wounded oft have bled,
And wept in anguish o'er their bright hopes fled,
Fathers, and orphans sad, from whom dread War
Hath hidden the light of love's most precious star,
Leaving the temple-door of Thought ajar,
For Grief to enter where their treasures are,
The clustering joys of years to wreck or mar,—
To brothers, sisters, friends, and neighbors, all
Who droop beneath the weight of Sorrow's fall,—
This work I dedicate, with prayer that all
Upon whose ear its rhythmic sounds may fall,
Some words of sympathy or cheer may find
Around their hearts with trusting hope to bind,
As balm fresh gathered for the wounded mind
By one whose soul through trial hath grown strong,
Till, lost the sense of sorrow and of wrong,
She draws rich comfort from the streams of song,
That through her being in resistless tides
Pour their sweet notes, while Thought harmonious glides
Adown the rippling current which she guides,
Singing, "'Tis best whatever God provides."

**A LIST OF THE NAMES
OF THE
PAPERS AND MAGAZINES**

**WHICH HAVE FROM TIME TO TIME PUBLISHED MY ARTICLES,
EITHER AS CONTRIBUTIONS OR SELECTIONS.**

1. CINCINNATI TIMES.
2. CINCINNATI GAZETTE.
3. ODD-FELLOWS' CASKET.
4. CENTRAL ILLINOISIAN.
5. RURAL NEW YORKER.
6. GODEY'S LADIES' BOOK.
7. GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.
8. DOLLAR MONTHLY.
9. SATURDAY EVENING POST.
10. CITY ITEM.
11. SUNDAY MERCURY.
12. NORRISTOWN REPUBLICAN.
13. HERALD AND FREE PRESS.
14. BANNER OF LIGHT.
15. AMERICAN BAPTIST.
16. WEST BRANCH BULLETIN.
17. BUCKS COUNTY INTELLIGENCER.
18. POTTSVILLE JOURNAL.
19. LIBERATOR.
20. INDIANA STATE SENTINEL.
21. ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.
22. UNION AND PATRIOT.
23. CHAMBERSBURG REPOSITORY.

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

"EVERY one contains within himself the ashes of a poet dead in early youth," said a French writer whose works I read in the springtime of my life. Why he made this remark, or in what connection it occurred, I do not remember. Whether it was an assertion founded on his own experience, and embodied a lesson he had learned while watching the embers of genius dying in his own soul, I know not. I only remember that it waked an echo in my heart long after I had read it, and that I continued repeating it, and saying to myself, "If that remark be true, then are we all poets in the morning of life; and why may we not remain such till its sunset? Is it necessary," I asked, "that this divine gift, this poet born with every human soul, should die with our youth, and its ashes lie buried beneath the rubbish of worldly cares and sorrows?" After a careful consideration of the matter, I came to the conclusion that it was not necessary; on the contrary, it seemed to me the duty of every one to keep it alive, and, having the ability, to cherish and cultivate it as one of the best gifts bestowed on us by the loving Father. Influenced by this belief, I resolved that thenceforth I would listen attentively to the poet whose voice I had often heard speaking in my own soul, and, with music's most enchanting spells,

" Wooing me away to earth's sweet solitudes,
To the society where none intrudes,
And to the pleasures of the pathless woods."

I resolved, also, that I would endeavor to interpret as truthfully as possible all it should say to me in the mysterious language of song; and, having a secret feeling that the assertion of the French writer was not true, and desiring to have its falsity proven, I concluded to look about me and see if among the various classes of society there were not some

who had passed the meridian of life, yet kept the poet of their souls still active, and

As beautiful as when it first awoke
And to their hearts of life's deep mysteries spoke.

The first class that came under my observation comprised the laboring part of the community, the members of which I perceived toiled on day after day at various humble employments, and were apparently content if thereby they gained sufficient to satisfy their physical wants. Their lives seemed but a dull round of duties, which called forth but little energy for the present, and awakened no aspirations for the future. The very monotony of their existence seemed tiresome to contemplate, and I wondered how intelligent beings could ever be satisfied to engage in such commonplace duties. "*The poet of their souls*," which in the sunny hours of childhood wove them bright visions of the beautiful, must be dead," I was about to say, when I observed that occasionally their attention was attracted and their admiration elicited by some of Nature's manifold works, and I saw one seeking the companionship of birds and flowers, another wandering with delight through "God's first temples," the calm and shady groves, and another watching with evident pleasure "the blossoming of the clouds" at day's decline. I observed, also, that on great occasions, which call for great thoughts to find expression in noble deeds, many from this class of apparently dull *plodders* have been found equal to the duties which the hour demanded of them, and from mechanics working at the bench to gain an humble subsistence, or from husbandmen toiling in the fields, they have suddenly been transformed into heroes and martyrs of freedom, and have left on the pages of history names rendered immortal through valorous deeds. In the contests which have arisen for religious liberty or national independence, the peasant has been seen standing side by side with the nobleman, and the peasant's wife, through her courage and fortitude displayed in the hours of trial and danger, has been exalted to the dignity and character of a heroine, and considered a fitting companion for the proudest lady of the land. And, observing all this, I was constrained to confess that my first impression was wrong, and I rejoiced to think that the poet of the soul still dwelt with this class, and though it might slumber for a season, yet was it capable of being aroused and called into noble action.

Satisfied with respect to this one portion of humanity, I turned to

regard a second class,—the votaries of fashion; and when I saw them spending all their time in a round of dissipation, seeking only vain and selfish pleasures, as though life had no higher duties and called for no labor, no sacrifices, on their part,—when I saw them starving their souls to pamper and adorn their perishable bodies,—I said to myself, with a regretful sigh, “Surely the poet of their souls is dead: else would they pause in their wild career, and ask themselves whither they are bound, and what immortal treasures they are bearing with them to the world beyond.” Grieved and astonished by their apparent thoughtlessness and folly, I was about to pass on to regard a third class, when something whispered to me, “Judge not, that you be not judged;” and I concluded to observe the votaries of fashion again, and see if I could not discover some evidence of the poet-soul still living beneath all that false show of worldly, external pleasures. I did so, and was pleased to observe that occasionally one or more of their number would leave the festive hall and all the intoxicating joys of the gay world, to visit the sick and afflicted. I observed also, as with the first class, that in times of great national calamities, when war, famine, or pestilence brooded over the land, these same devotees of fashion, whom we are accustomed to consider heartless and cold, could be aroused to a sense of duty, and were often known to make noble sacrifices for the public weal. As occasion demanded, I saw delicate and fastidious ladies suddenly transformed from mere butterflies of fashion into kind and gentle nurses, and cheerfully going to hospital or camp to administer to the wants of sick and wounded soldiers. And as I observed their womanly dignity, and the looks which spoke of sympathy for human suffering, I was constrained to say, “The poet of the soul lives in them also. It lives, though many of them have passed life’s rosy morn. Here, then, is another evidence that the remark of the French writer is not true.” With this, I turned to regard a third class,—namely, the poor, despised, forsaken outcasts of the world, those whose lives seem a burden and a curse to themselves and others; and when I beheld their wretchedness, their degradation, and saw how they hugged the chains that made them the slaves of vice, till every sense of shame, every virtuous aspiration, seemed to have been banished from their souls, I could not help exclaiming, “The poet of the soul is dead in them, certainly!” and I fancied that even the angels in heaven must weep over such fallen and wretched ones. But when I saw even them giving the cup of cold water to the stranger, and generously dividing their last crust with the mendicant at their door,

and, above all, when I heard of them, at the peril of their lives, offering shelter and aid to brave men who at the call of freedom were going forth on a crusade against slavery and the enemies of their country,—ah! when I beheld the noblest impulses of our nature thus working out from the hearts of these lowly ones, and finding expression in deeds of heroism and love, I could not help feeling and saying, “The poet of the soul dwells with them also, and though the chords of its harp are, many of them, tangled and twisted, and so corroded with sin and sorrow that they refuse to send forth harmonious strains, yet the great sympathetic chord which binds us heart and soul to soul, as one great family, and is the master-chord from which the poet calls forth the divinest melody, still thrills to the spirit’s touch, and fails not to awaken its enchanting music whenever it is required to cheer the hearts of those who labor for humanity. And who knows,” I added, “but that, in the sight of a just God, those whom we call outcasts may not be truer, nobler poets than they whose garments we deem pure, whose brows wear on earth the starry wreath of fame?”

My attention was here called to the contemplation of a fourth class, the worshippers of mammon; and at the first sight of their pinched and shrunken visages, which spoke of the impoverished souls looking out of them, and which seemed as cold and hard as the golden ore they worshipped, I felt a shudder pass over my frame, and I was about to pass judgment on them, and say, “Now, surely, here is a class of beings in whom not a spark of the poet born with their early youth can have survived the chilling influences which years of sordid ambition have thrown around them;”—when something seemed to say to me, “Look again at this class, and see if you cannot discover some evidence that it still lives, and may yet come forth, bright and beautiful, from its long bondage to the god of gold.” Then I looked again; but when I observed how eagerly all the members of this large class made haste to be rich, and, once joining in the race for wealth, how frequently they sacrificed honor, love, principle, and every thing noble and true in their nature, till they seemed really to have sold themselves, body and soul, for money, and become merely human machines, moving, like so many wheels and springs, to the touch and at the command of the tyrant Mammon, I could not help saying, “Surely the poet of their souls is dead,—and past all hope of a resurrection,” I was about to add, when something seemed once more to whisper, “Look again, and be not hasty in thy judgment.” And I looked again, and then I observed that occa-

sionally these "money kings," as the world calls them, but who in reality are money slaves, could be reached and moved by the voice of human suffering; and, when this was the case, I saw them descending from their throne of power, and, with sympathies astir, mingling freely with the masses, and giving munificently of their treasures to relieve the sufferings of others or to help advance the cause of science, art, or religion. And, as was the case with the other classes, I saw that they, also, as circumstances demanded, could rise above all mercenary considerations, and pour out their hoarded wealth like water, to save their country's credit, her honor, or her independence. Seeing this, I could not but feel that humanity was in a measure redeemed from the charge of baseness and depravity so often brought against her, and gave promise of one day coming forth clad in the white raiments of wisdom, justice, and truth. "The poet of the soul lives even in the slaves of Mammon!" I cried, with a thrill of exultation. "It lives, and shall yet free them from their long bondage to the despotic power of a mercenary ambition."

Beautiful spirit of sympathy and love! What power can chain thee, that thou canst not rise when thy hour comes? There is no darkness so profound that thy rays cannot penetrate; there are no depths of degradation where thy voice cannot be heard sounding, and, like an angel wandering for a brief season in darkness, still singing of the heaven whence it came and to which it is destined to return. Thou art, O spirit of Poetry, the genius of the beautiful and the true, and thy music shall yet subdue the hearts of men, and teach them to feel the soul dwelling within them, whose birthright is immortality.

From these observations of society, I learned that there is not such a vast difference existing between its several classes as I had been led by the force of education to believe. I was surprised to find that among each I could discover indications of the poet-soul still living and active. But what surprised me more was to find that where I looked for the most beautiful manifestations of the poet-soul, namely, among the acknowledged poets, artists, and crowned geniuses of the world, I often found it so dwarfed and perverted by passions, so lacking in common sense and an appreciation of justice to others, as to make it seem almost as dead and cold in them as in those who made no pretensions to the title of poet or artist, and who knew not that the spirit of song dwelt with them, a living power in the soul, inciting them to good and noble actions. From this fact, and others which came under

my observation, in my study of human nature, I arrived at the conclusion that, while all are poets to a greater or less degree, in none is the poet of the soul perfect in its manifestations. In some, it seems dead and cold, as in the miser, the devotee of fashion, and the debauchee: hence was the French writer justified in part for making the assertion he did; for, judging from outward appearances, it is true; but looking into the "inner life," which is the soul of all created things, and forming our opinions from the acts that flow therefrom, it is manifestly false; and hence I maintain that all are poets, and they are the truest, noblest ones who live the noblest, act the wisest. As I write this, the poet of the soul dwelling with me takes up the echo, and joyfully keeps singing,—

All are poets, all are poets,
In this lovely world of ours:
Thoughts in rhythmic numbers flowing
Show but half the spirit's powers.
All are poets, all are poets,
Little acts of kindness prove:
He alone is chief of poets
In whose deeds shows most of love.

I listen to the music of this strain a moment, and then I feel the throbbing of the song-waves beating on the shores of thought, and presently I hear it singing to me again, and saying—what seems to me true—that

The purest poetry lives not in words,
But lingers round the heart's deep chords;
It is not found in measured rhymes,
Nor yet in music's mellow chimes.
Its blissful sphere is not confined
To those by classic lore refined,
But it may bless the humblest mind.
It is not always born of speech:
The flowers of thought too often reach
No farther than the lips that speak;
Or, if a wider range they seek,
O'er human hearts their sounds may break
Only to make them 'plain and ache.
Not so with poetry that's born
Within the soul's eternal morn,—
That, planted in the human heart,
Becomes thenceforth of it a part,
And shows itself—like golden rays,
That o'er the hill-tops burn and blaze—
In many pleasant, winsome ways.
Wouldst thou, O man, know whence it comes,
And where its living presence roams,—

What form it takes, what witching spells
 Can call it from its hidden cells?
 Know, then, it is the soul of Truth!
 Oh, seek her: she will work no ruth,
 But crown thee with immortal youth.
 From heaven she comes, o'er earth she roams,
 Oft lingers in the humblest homes,
 And where she finds a quiet rest
 Or lodging in the human breast,
 There soon she sows the blessed seeds
 That grow and bear, for human needs,
 The golden fruitage of good deeds.
 Oh, then, let all whose souls aspire
 To feel the true promethean fire
 That lingers in the poet's lyre,
 Go forth, and write upon the sands of life
 The poetry of noble deeds,
 And they will be like fruit-producing seeds
 Laid in the fertile soil, that quick upspring,
 Uprooting noisome weeds.

If you would make life's journey safe and sure,
 Be patient to endure;
 Let all your thoughts be pure,
 Your aspirations high, each purpose strong
 To strive and win the victory over wrong.

Let every ill be borne with patient trust,
 And learn from day to day
 To bear your cross along an even way:
 'Twill win for you the star-crown of the just,
 And leave upon your robes no soil of dust,
 Upon your souls no stains of cankering rust.

Leave scorning to the proud, and pride to those
 Who dwell in clay-built huts
 Down in the marl-pits and the moral ruts
 Wherein men fall whose souls
 The greed of gain o'ermasters and controls.

Judge no one harshly: angels never blame
 Earth's erring ones, but gently fan the flame
 That kindles in their hearts the sense of shame,
 More potent far than words of withering scorn,
 That only waken discord where they're born,
 And wound the soul, and plant within a thorn,
 That rankles there, and shuts from hearts forlorn
 The dawn of heaven, the penitential morn.

Go, cheer the sorrowing; feed earth's hungry souls,
 Starving for bread of life,
 Weary and worn with watchings and with strife.

They need your heart's best prayer,
 The gentle, tender care
 That soothes, with pleasant words and acts of love,
 The bruised hearts that seldom look above
 Their idols made of clay,
 That fade too soon away,
 And leave them mourning like a wounded dove
 Whose mate is dead, or, faithless, learned to rove
 To other bowers, within a neighboring grove.
 Cheer on the young, whose race is just begun;
 Sustain the aged forms
 Bowed low beneath life's storms;
 Bless those who rise; encourage those who fall:
 They are our brothers still: oh, bless them all.
 Thus will ye sow on earth the blessed seeds
 That, springing up and whitening in the field,
 A hundred fold shall yield
 Of fruits for human needs,
 And men will bless you for those golden seeds,
 And angels call you poets of good deeds.

In expressing myself as I have in the above lines and in the remarks preceding them, I am well aware that I am advancing ideas and sentiments not at all consonant with those maintained by the literary schools and the public generally. A poet, we are told, is one who writes poetry; and poetry, Worcester tells us, is "composition uniting fiction to metre." Intelligent reader, is this definition of poetry satisfactory to your mind? Is poetry, indeed, nothing but fiction united to metre? O soul of Truth, where then is thy laurel-wreath and thy diadem radiant with the gems of sweetest song? Lo! thou art despoiled, robbed of thy beauty, and Fiction is crowned and exalted in thy stead, if this be true. But I will not believe it. No: my heart repudiates a definition so false to the spirit of poetry, which I regard as beautiful expressions of thought and feeling taking form in words and deeds, and which I would thus define, though I am aware that, were such a definition accepted, the sphere of poetry would be greatly enlarged, since it would be made to embrace not only words, but actions. And why should not the sphere of poetry be thus enlarged? If it is acknowledged that there is the poetry of motion, the poetry of painting and music, why should there not be the poetry of good deeds? Have we not had many noble examples of men and women whose whole lives have been poems, some epic, some comic, some tragic, and some so resplendent with the light of religious faith and devotion as well to deserve the name of sacred poems? And shall they not be

called poets whose words and deeds were in such beautiful harmony that both seemed to flow in one strain from the same harp, and were like precious pearls strung together on one cord? Shall this high title be denied them, yet accorded to the debauchee, the idler, the misanthropic dreamer, merely because he may have the power to write or speak, in the flowery language of song, sentiments the real beauty of which he has never taken to his heart, and therefore has never been able to incorporate in his daily life? If this is just, then may we accept the common definition of poetry; for, as regards the poet, it may be only "fiction" united to metrical forms of expression. But why should poetry be so circumscribed in its sphere? Why may it not embrace all great and exalted truths and principles, as well as fiction? and why may we not regard all as poets who make their lives sublime by virtue of good deeds? Does any one object to this on the ground that it would lower the dignity of the literary profession, by letting down the barriers guarding its most charmed circle, and giving to the humblest rustic a right to enter in and lay claim to the honor of being a poet? To such I would say, I have known those who were considered rustics, whose lives were beautiful poems, set to the music of loving words and gentle deeds; and, on the other hand, I have seen those whom the world has called great poets, whose lives were sadly discordant with their written thoughts and sentiments. Surely no one can hesitate for a moment in deciding to which of these two classes the title and honors of the poet more properly belong. To the former, must, unquestionably, be the response of every intelligent reader. But of those who may contend that the standard of a noble profession is being lowered by such a view of the subject, I would here inquire, Which is the more important object to be considered,—the dignity of a profession, or the elevation of humanity? Does it reflect more honor on an individual to write and speak of great and noble actions than it does to perform them? Are words greater than deeds? Then is the eulogist, by virtue of his eloquence, a greater man than is he whose many virtues may have won the incense of his praise. But this, I am sure, the reader will say cannot be. Hence, though there are none who may be regarded as perfect in the sublime art of making their written thoughts and deeds accord with the spirit of truth and justice, yet do I feel justified in considering all as poets to a greater or less degree. It is a compliment paid to our common humanity, which has something exalting and ennobling in its influence. And to those who may object

to it on the ground that it is a compliment undeserved by the masses, and one which they will neither understand nor appreciate, I would say, "Behold the joys and the delights of childhood; note its sounds of laughter and its signs of glee: what are these but beautiful songs beginning the poem of life, the echoes of whose enchanting strains never die out in the soul, but linger there, and, like the murmur of the ocean-shell, are ever reminding us of the fountains of innocence and joy from whence they came?" And after youth has passed, we all have hopes and fears, joys and sorrows; and what are these but music-throbs of the poet-heart beating within? We all, likewise, have one or more objects around which our affections entwine themselves like strong cords, binding us heart to heart with the beloved ones. In early life it is a mother, a father, a sister, or brother, and perhaps all, who claim our affection. And what is our feeling for them but an exquisite sonnet, preluding the deeper passion of love which is to come after, and towards which every human heart turns with passionate yearnings till it is met, and the soul, feeling its completeness, rests and is satisfied? And what is love,—this love which every one craves, and which, never finding, the soul would be starved and desolate? What is it but a sublime epic, enchanting the spirit and carrying it along with the streams of its divine melodies out into the elysian fields of Joy and up on the "mountain-tops of Beauty and Use," where the birds of song build their nests and the air is filled with the sound of their singing? If this exaltation of the soul be not an "ignis-fatuus," alluring us on only to lead us astray and leave us at last weary and lone in the desolate swamps of Disappointment,—if it be pure and enduring, and come to us in the prime and vigor of life,—then doth it make summer in the heart. And the poet of the soul, looking out and beholding the beauty of the external world and its harmony with the world within, feels the breath of inspiration growing strong, and, striking the harp of thought, sends forth a glad anthem of praise, singing, "Rejoice, O earth; for summer has come, the sky is clear, day is glorious with dew and sunshine, and night has her crown of jewels. Rejoice, also, O heart, for the light of love that has risen on thee and filled thy trembling chords with music from the sweet-singing fountains of joy." Love is an inspirer; love is a poet; and they who love most drink deepest of the perennial springs of joy and peace, for in their love they will embrace not only one object, but all whom God has created. And it will elevate not only themselves, but others, and all, in fact, who come within the charmed circle of its influence.

But the summer of life soon passes. One by one the objects of our affection leave us, and, weary with watching and weeping, we go down into the valley of humiliation and fear. We feel the sable wings of the tempest brooding over us; we look out, and, lo! the sky is lurid with lightning, and fierce whirlwinds sweep round our desolated homes. The autumn angel seems to have touched with the same withering spell both the flowers of the field and the blossoms of our love, for they pass away together; and in the bowers where the garlands of hope exhaled their perfume, breathing of peace and heaven, sits the raven Sorrow, mournfully singing, *Nevermore*. Then quickly comes the winter of life. Age dims the sight, and leaves a white-frost wreath on our brow. And does the poet of the soul linger still, I ask? "Ah! yes," say the responses which come swelling up in music-throbs from the "inner life." It lives, yet, veiling itself with something of sadness, it listens to the moan of the night-winds "striking their harps of pine" on the neighboring hills, and weaves a wild plaint in unison with the weird music sounding without, for even winter has its music and its poetry. Solemn it may be as a requiem chanted o'er the dead, yet poetry still, grand, lofty, and impressive,—like organ-tones heard at midnight in some minster vast and lone. It has also its wreaths of snowy whiteness, and jewels hang in clustering beauty from its vestments gray, fringing them round with prisms crystal bright. And, beholding these, the poet of the soul is again uplifted and borne away, this time to the mountain-heights of Faith, where it learns a new song, which hath in it the majesty and voice of prophecy, and speaks of the "better land" that lies, fair and smiling as the Eden of our dreams, just over the river of death. And as it looks forth from its "clay-built cottage crumbling to decay," and sees where on field and valley and mountain-top the cold snow lies like a white shroud hiding the beautiful, it no longer sorrows o'er the desolate scene, but, looking upward to the still, pure, sunlit sky, and calmly smiling, it wakes its harp, and sings, "When winter comes, the nearer are we to spring." Ah! I would here ask the intelligent reader, what is this faith that so exalts the human soul that it is enabled to rise superior to all earthly trials and changes, if it is not the master-lyric of the soul which the poet dweller there weaves and chants as the spirit's farewell to earth?

What, in short, are all the varying feelings and emotions of the human heart but so many parts of the grand poem of life, which begins here with the cradle and ends with the grave, only that it may take

up a new instrument and begin a new and more beautiful and exalted strain in the world beyond,—

Whose mysteries hang about us
Like golden clouds at even,
Seeming ever pointing onward
Toward the pearly gates of heaven?

But "beauty is the province of poetry, not duty or truth," said one of earth's gifted sons, in whom the spirit of poetry dwelt as it seldom dwells with mortals, in strange, wild power, making even sad things beautiful.

This assertion, like that of the French writer, falling under my notice in my early youth, made a deep impression upon my mind, and occasioned me many disappointments, till by observation and experience I learned its falsoness, and grew brave and strong enough to dare to disbelieve it, and to maintain, as I now do, that in the province of duty and truth are to be found the highest and purest elements of poetry, and they who would be true poets must seek there for the pearls of song. And they will not have to seek far to find them; for they lie, like precious gems, scattered here and there all over the fields of the Present. I maintain, also, that it is better to act poetry than to write it. And to do this it is not necessary that we seek to distinguish ourselves by some great or brilliant achievement. We may do it in our daily lives, among common things and with common people, by cultivating a cheerful disposition, learning to be patient under trials, and seeking for the good and the beautiful in every one with whom we are brought in contact or association.

This, dear reader, is the soul-standpoint from which I take the liberty to greet you. While I lingered faint and weary in the low vales of pining Melancholy, or went complainingly along the thorny way I had to travel up the mount of useful Experience, or while I was looking for the beautiful and seeking it afar off, forgetting that

"There's beauty all around our paths,
If but our watchful eyes
Can trace it mid familiar things
And through its lowly guise,"

I did not feel that I was worthy to bear you company as one of Nature's songful interpreters. But now that I have learned to travel with cheerful heart and willing feet along the rugged paths of Duty, and have found it leading me by gently winding slopes up the fair

declivities of Mount Beauty and Joy, and on toward the flower-crowned summit of Truth,—now that I have become reconciled to God's ways of doing things, and have grown braver, stronger 'neath the chastening power of discipline, and learned to touch with firmer hand the chords that tremble with the sense of song, till the sound of their music has been heard in homes afar, and brought back to me glad responses from fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, from heroes fighting for liberty, and from orphans and widows to whose homes war has brought desolation and sorrow,—now I feel that, as the silver bells of song are shaken, and I hear them far off in the clear ether of my purest thoughts ringing and keeping time to the melody of hope and joy and loving trust in God the good Shepherd, I may venture to come before a generous and appreciative public in the character of a solacer and teacher, through the sweet arts of poesy,

To those whose pathway, clouded o'er with fear,
Through heavy sorrows groweth dark and drear.

I feel that I may also, without incurring the charge either of vanity or egotism, offer it this little work as showing some of the results flowing from an earnest effort on my part to keep the poet of the soul abiding with me active and on the alert to catch the harmonies that flow in rhythmic numbers through the universe of God, as well as to perceive and feel the spirit of the beautiful pervading all forms, dwelling in all minds, and hallowing them as common things are hallowed by the divine power of use. That the poems it contains are faultless in their construction, or that they are calculated to make a sensation in the literary world, I have not the conceit to suppose. But, such as they are, I send them forth, without any useless apologies for so doing, trusting some hearts may be cheered by them, and some perhaps strengthened for the battle of life before them or solaced for the wounds and sorrows gathered in the conflicts of the past. Yet, should my humble offering fail to do that, I trust it will not lie an idle waif on the sea of literature, but serve to add one more note to the music of those waves which, beating upon the shores of time, seem with ceaseless voice to cry, "Liberty! liberty! Proclaim liberty throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof."

The appropriateness of the title I have chosen for the work before them my readers will perceive when I inform them of the fact that nearly all the poems it contains have been written in the early hours of morn, when dew and sunshine greet each other on every opening

flower, and when all the tuneful harps of Nature seem tremulous with song. And whatever of cheerfulness and calm beauty, of trust and patience, there is in them, may be attributed, I believe, in a great measure to the fact of their having been written at that time, when it seems but natural for the human soul

To feel the breath of inspiration trembling in the air,
And hear from every thing the voice of praise and prayer.

Ah! when all outward nature seems vocal with thanksgiving, how can the human heart forget to praise Him whose hand openeth the gates of the morning and letteth in upon the world a flood of golden glory? and how can it neglect to bring at each recurring morn its offering of grateful hymns and orisons to God? As Eastern devotees were wont at sunrise to carry to the temples where they worshipped, some gift or sacrifice, so should we rise at early dawn, and in the spirit's temple lay our gifts, the flowers of heavenly thought and the incense of purest love and adoration. Ah! dull and dark indeed must be the soul that, beholding the birth of a new day, with radiant splendor decking earth and sky, feels not its own immortality,—has no thoughts, no aspirations, reaching heavenward. Were it possible for me to believe there is one such being in this beautiful world, “where every thing whispers of God” and is melodious with the breath of inspiration, I should be constrained to say, “The poet of the soul is dead in that heart.” But I cannot believe any thing so unnatural. I believe there are times when every human soul, feeling the weakness of the flesh, craves and claims its birthright of immortal life, and in the rising of the sun recognizes a symbol of its approaching resurrection from the mortal form. It seems to me, also, that every one who watches with any degree of interest the scenes which are daily transpiring around us, or notes the changes going on in the social and political world, must feel that we are rapidly approaching a new era,

“When good works shall be our commerce
More than costly merchandise.”

Listen, O friends, to the deep tones rising from the now agitated seas of Humanity, and tell me if they are not the voices of the morning heralding the dawn of justice and liberty to a world over which has long brooded a night of slavery, that was lighted only by the dimly-burning but never-fading stars of hope and trust in the wisdom and goodness of the beneficent Father who from the shadows of thick darkness is leading us into the light of a new day.

POEMS.

THE ORACLES OF THE OAK.

'Tis glorious to live in an age like this,
And dwell in a land like ours,
Where ripen the seeds
Of the loveliest deeds,
And the fairest of human flowers.

'Tis glorious to feel in our inmost soul
The wine of a higher life,
Though it bubble up
To the heart's deep cup
Through agony, toil, and strife.

The flowers that bloom in the month of June
Are beautiful things to see ;
But the noble forms
That endure the storms
Are dearer than those to me.

The lily may smile, and the rose may blush,
And the violet cheer our way,
But the oracles spoke
By the stately oak
Have a loftier lore than they.

They tell of years that have glided by
Since it lay in the acorn's shell,
A tiny thing
That the elves of Spring
Guarded and tended well.

They tell of seasons of light and love,
When birds in its branches sung,
Of summers brief,
When every leaf
Was a musical, lipping tongue.

They sing of surly November blasts,
When the Angel of Death swept by ;
Of its vernal pride,
That in beauty died
In the gloom of a wintry sky.

In crimson and gold each leaf went down
To its grave on the forest floor ;
But the stately oak
Stood firm, and spoke
To the winds with an answering roar,

Saying to them, in a kingly voice,

“Ye may rob me of beauty’s crown,
But in the path
Of your awful wrath
I fling my gauntlet down,—

“And bid you come in your power and might,
As a warrior his haughty foe;
For, strong and bold,
Like a knight of old,
I parry each fearful blow.

“My arms are strong, and my heart is full
Of the dews of hope and health;
And I know that Spring
Will return, and bring
To my brow its crown of wealth.

“For though the Winter be stern and cold,
And I stand in the whirlwind’s track,
Yet I calmly wait,
In my leafless state,
For the light that is coming back.

“I welcome the winds and the wintry storms;
I gather a strength from each,
And the lay I sing,
As I wait for Spring,
A lesson to men may teach.”

The lily may smile, and the rose may blush,
And the violet cheer our way,
But the oracles spoke
By the stately oak
Have a loftier lore than they.

Oh, would it might reach to the hearts of men,
And bid them be strong and true
To the BROTHERHOOD
Of the brave and good,
Till RIGHT shall the WRONG subdue!

Would they might feel, in this fearful hour,
The trust that sustains and warms,—
That gives to the soul
A calm control
When nations are rocked with storms!

Would all might read, with the eye of faith,
The prophecy born of war,
And above its jar
See FREEDOM's car
In triumph roll on afar!

Ah! then they would stand like the stately oak,
Defying the storm-king's wrath,
And through the night
To the beautiful light
Hew for themselves a path.

Then they would sing, "Tis a glorious thing
To live in a land like ours,
Where fearful needs
Make valiant deeds
And quicken the spirit's powers."

With the bards they'd sing, "Tis a blessed thing
To dream of the ages past ;
More blessed still
To feel the thrill
Of the Age that is ebbing fast."

And the manly forms, with brave, true hearts,
That strive with the tempest's wrath,
Shall find their way
Tends day by day
The nearer to Glory's path.

For Pleasure may smile, and Peace may bring
Her blessings to cheer our way,
But the oracles spoke
Through fire and smoke
Have a mightier power than they,—

A power that quickens the heart and brain,
And makes our pulses thrill :
Though born of strife,
'Tis the higher life
That worketh the Father's will.

A SONG OF FREEDOM.

Oh, what do the bee and the butterfly say,
As they frolic or work through the long summer day?
What says the eagle, whose throne is on high,
As he looks from his eyrie, or wheels through the
sky?

And what say the waves of the murmuring sea?
Ah! *this* is their song:—"We are free! we are free!"

What say the leaves, as they flutter and swing
From the boughs in the woods where the wild robins
sing?

What say the flowers, as they spring from the sod,
To smile on our pathway and whisper of God?
Ah! theirs is the song of the bird and the bee,
And sweetly they sing, "We are free! we are free!"

Oh, what say the winds, as they sweep by our door
With the speed and the wrath of the hurricane's
roar?

What says the fawn, or the fleet-footed deer,
As they bound through the woods when the covert
is near?

They have heard the deep song of the murmuring
sea,
And the chorus is theirs, "We are free! we are free!"

Oh, what say the stars, as they circle and shine,
Upheld by a power and a wisdom divine ?
What say the mountains, majestic in form,
As their brows tower aloft o'er the regions of storm ?
Oh, what can the words of their minstrelsy be,
If they sing not the lay, " We are free ! we are free !"

Oh, what say the clouds that are floating on high,—
The lightning and thunder that leap through the
sky ?

What says the river that sings at our feet ?
The brook that comes down from its mountain re-
treat ?

They have caught the sweet song of the bird and
the bee,

And echo their lay :—" We are free ! we are free !"

All things have a voice in this beautiful world ;
In music the earth through its orbit is hurled ;
The sunshine, the dew, and the daisy are heard
Singing praises to God, with the bee and the bird ;
And the anthem that floats o'er the infinite sea
Is the chorus of earth :—" We are free ! we are free !"

But what sayeth man, with his God-given powers,
Whose sceptre of Thought buildeth cities and
towers ?

What says the master of Science and Art ?
Is Freedom the song that pulsates at his heart ?
Alas ! he hath learned not the lay of the wave :
In sorrow he sighs, " I'm a slave ! I'm a slave !"

A slave to the wine-cup, to passions that hold
His spirit in bondage to silver and gold ;
A slave to the fashions, that live but a day,
To honors and titles that vanish away ;
Still paltry the glory, the wealth, that he craves :
Ah ! well may we sigh, " We are slaves ! we are
slaves ! "

Slaves, slaves to the past, to the worship of creeds,
Unmindful that God is best served by good deeds ;
Slaves, slaves to a faith that is pulseless and cold
As *marble* when sculptured, and kept to be sold.
Not yet can we echo the song of the waves :
There are fetters to break : "*We are slaves ! we are
slaves !*"

Ay ! slaves to the fear and the terrors of death,
That robs us of naught but mortality's breath ;
Still slaves to the thoughts, the opinions, of those
Who scoff at the depths of humanity's woes :
Not yet can we join in the song of the waves :
We're hugging our chains ! we are slaves ! we are
slaves !

We are slaves ! but a voice o'er humanity's sea
Is waiting to join in the hymn of the free ;
'Tis rising and swelling in volume and might,
Proclaiming the triumph of Freedom and Right !
Ere long we shall sing, with the bird and the bee,
In anthems of joy, " We are free ! we are free ! "

Already the day-star is shining afar,
Though it rose mid the shock and the tumult of
war.

When it mounts to the zenith, then Peace will again
Shed her life-giving dew's o'er each valley and plain,
And sweetly we'll sing, with the waves of the sea,
The anthem of earth:—"We are free! we are free!"

Already sweet Freedom, in bridal array,
Looks forth for her bridegroom, the herald of day.
When *Justice* shall come, and the twain are made
one,

Then the fame of our land will be bright as the sun,
And the anthem of mortals and angels will be
The chorus of earth:—"WE ARE FREE! WE ARE FREE!"

"UNION IS STRENGTH."

"UNION is strength," said the sires of the nation,
And firmly they stood through the perilous night,
When freedom for man in his lowliest station
They fearlessly claimed as his God-given right.
"Union is strength," said our true-hearted mothers,
And sweet was the echo to husband and son
Who bravely rushed on to the aid of their brothers
And fought on the fields where our Freedom was
won.

Not once did they pause from the struggle, or falter;
No dangers could daunt them, no perils appall;
For this was the motto inscribed on their altar:—
“United we stand, but divided we fall.”

And now, in the hour of our trial and danger,
How bright seems the pathway our forefathers trod!
Though red with the blood of the friend and the
stranger,

They triumphed at last; for they trusted in God.
Like them, let us struggle and toil to dis sever
The chains that still fetter humanity's form;
Let us labor in love, as they labored together,
Still true to our country in sunshine or storm.
Let us pause not to rest from the conflict, nor falter;
No dangers shall daunt us, no perils appall,
If this be the motto inscribed on our altar:—
“United we stand, but divided we fall.”

Wake, brothers, awake! and bear onward to glory
The banner that floats o'er the land of the brave,
And the fame of your deeds shall be chanted in story,
And shine in a chaplet of love o'er your grave.
Wake, freemen, awake! 'tis the heart of a nation
That calls to you now through the darkness of
night:

List how her deep voice, thrilling creation,
Asks of you all “to be true to the right.”
Then pause not to rest from the struggle, nor falter:
No dangers shall daunt you, no perils appall,

If this be the motto inscribed on your altar:—

“United we stand, but divided we fall.”

Wake, O ye daughters of heroes departed !

You each have a part in the struggle to bear :
Prove yourselves worthy : be strong and true-
hearted ;

Let every thought be a deed and a prayer.

Wake, sisters, awake ! it is freedom and duty

That ask of us now to leave pleasure and ease :
We may have treasures and raiments of beauty,
But the HEART'S JEWELS are dearer than these.
Pray for them ; work for them ; pause not, nor falter ;
No trials shall daunt them, no perils appall,
If this be the motto inscribed on our altar :—
“United we stand, but divided we fall.”

“Union is strength !” Say it over and over ;

Say it whenever your faith groweth dim ;
Sing it to husband, and brother, and lover ;
Fresh from your hearts let it rise like a hymn.

“Union is strength !” Let our wives and our mothers
Sing the old song to the father and son,
Then bid them go forth to the aid of their brothers
And fight till the right and our freedom are won.

Bid them go forward, and pause not, nor falter :
No dangers shall daunt them, no perils appall,
If this be the motto inscribed on our altar :—
“United we stand, but divided we fall.”

THE PROPHET BIRD.*

OUR banner bright, with stars and stripes,
Uprose to greet the sky,
When, proudly poised on pinions light,
An eagle hovered nigh.
No eye had marked its rapid flight,
None knew whence it had flown ;
Yet joyous shouts from a crowd went up,
As the dauntless bird looked down.

Oh, 'twas a scene to stir the heart,
And make the pulses thrill,
And nerve each patriot of the land
With a firm and steady will !
Below, Camp Curtin's hosts were seen,
Above, our ensign bright ;
And a thousand burnished armors gleamed
In the evening's rosy light.

Music arose, and martial strains
Passed through the eager throng,
With mingled sounds, that rent the air,
Of laughter and of song ;
But the strangest sight that was seen that day,
And the grandest 'neath the sky,

* In allusion to a large eagle that was seen hovering over Camp Curtin while the flag of our Union was being run up.

Was the banner, bright with its stars and stripes,
And the eagle hovering nigh.

With flashing eye and a kingly mien
He gazed on the proud array,
Then, circling round with a lordly sweep,
In majesty soared away ;
And those who followed with wond'ring eyes
The swoop of his tireless wing
Felt that a prophecy deep and sure
Was given him thus to bring.

And who shall doubt it, or dare to say
Such marvels are seen no more,
When a thousand omens less plain than this
Were trusted and sought of yore?
Are there not tokens of earth and air,
And many a sound and sign,
That, ruled by the merciful Father's hand,
Foreshadow some good design?

Shall we, poor mortals, who only see
What Heaven has made most plain,
Shut out from our spirits, through unbelief,
The knowledge we seek to gain?
How know we the spring will come again,
And the summer flowers appear,
When Winter sits on his icy throne
And the fields are brown and sere?

Or, how do we know, when the seed is sown
And lies in the dull, dark earth,
That a golden harvest will crown the hills
Ere the autumn winds have birth?
And how do we know, when the sunbeams fade,
And we dwell in the "house of night,"
That morn will come with her smiles again
And bring us the blessed light?

These many changes that pass o'er earth,
And the wonders of the skies,
So often meet our human ken
As to waken no surprise.
We question not the fleeting years,
Or the seasons in their flight,
But forget how often in *common things*
We walk by *faith*, not *sight*.

How, how do we know that we each possess
A *soul* that shall never die,
But live to inherit a brighter home
In the kingdoms of the sky?
And how, unless we accept the signs
That to us are daily given,
With the holier inspirations sent,
Shall we learn the truths of Heaven?

Oh, there are marvels of life and death
Forbidden us here to know,
And others still that we *dimly* read;
Yet we *feel they must be so*.

And there are glimpses of things to be,
Which come we know not whence,
Whose truth or falseness is proved alone
By the strength of the inner sense,—

That wondrous gift which is dearer far
Than the innocence of youth,
And the highest given to human soul,—
The *power of feeling* truth.

Ah! judged by this, the eagle seen,
With its kingly mien and glance,
Hovering over our banner bright,
Hath a deep significance.

And, while we muse o'er the strange event,
In fancy we seem to see
The Genius of Liberty crown her sons
With garlands of victory.

And we read, as if written in words of light,
This holy and high decree:—
"Columbia's *Land* is a chosen land,
And her people shall be free."

THE VOLUNTEERS OF NEW YORK.

YE have come, in the glory of manhood's might,
From your homes by the sounding sea,
With waving banners and armors bright,
And the tread of the brave and free.

Ye have come with pride and in stern array,
Bearing rich treasure forth,—
Gifts on a glorious shrine to lay,—
O men of the loyal North.

To the notes of the trumpet's stirring blast
And the bugle's echoing strain,
Ye have come, and the hills, as ye hurried past,
Have answered you back again;
And the voiceful wind that above them sweeps
Seemed sobbing out wild alarms,
As he tuned his harp on the mountain-steeps
To the sound of your clashing arms.

With aspect firm, and the steady will
That is born of a purpose high,
Ye have come; and tones that my being thrill
Inquire, Will ye tell us why?
Oh, why have ye come in a rank so bold,
With the tread of the brave and free,
Leaving the scenes and the haunts of old,
And your homes by the sounding sea?

Seek ye a land where the soil is bright
With jewels of wealth untold?
Ah, no! there are springs and a fount of light
More precious to you than gold,—
FREEDOM!—all pleasures that have this birth
And live in that burning word,
By which our spirits to joy and mirth
Are deeply and wildly stirred,—

High hopes, and the visions that wander down
 "The harp of a thousand strings,"
When it thrills with yearnings for that renown
 That courage to mortals brings,—
All these have waked in your hero breasts
 The voice of their siren spells,
Till ye hear no longer the mournful guests
 That murmur of sad farewells.

Ye have heard the cry that through all the land
 Hath rung like a clarion-blast,
And it seems a challenge of high command
 From the heroes of ages past,
Calling you forth in the prime of life,
 From your homes by the sounding sea,
To vie with them, in the coming strife
 For the triumphs of Liberty.

Ye have heard, and ye come with a zeal that takes
 Its flame from a hallowed urn ;
But a low, deep voice in my soul awakes,
 And asks, Will ye all return ?
Ye will, ah, yes, ye will all come back,—
 But I fear to answer how :
Not in the flowery or pleasant track
 That your feet are treading now ;

Not to the roll of the stirring drum,
 With banner and waving plume ;
Not thus will you all in your glory come :
 There's room in the grave,—yet room !

And some will find there a calm repose
For the dust that enshrines the soul,
As they drink the last of earth's bitter woes
And are freed from its stern control.

For some will the chords of sweet love be stirred
Till they tremble, but not with glee:
Oh, there shall be sorrow and mourning heard
In the city beside the sea.
But why should we linger the sad notes o'er,
Or list to the plaintive strain?
Wake, harp-strings, thrill to the higher lore:
If we DIE, we shall live again!

And ye will, ah, yes, ye will all come back,
Though some may have viewless forms,
With a power to o'ersweep the eagle's track
When it flees from the realms of storms:
They will glide, in the stillness of summer eves,
To the homes where the loved ones dwell,
And their wings shall rustle the ever-green leaves
That hang in sweet Memory's cell.

Oh, Love, the immortal, hath many a voice,
And many a sign can give,
To bid the mourners of earth rejoice,
And tell us our dead still live:
They live to love, to enjoy, and hope,—
What matters it here or there,
Where souls have a wider and freer scope,
Unfettered by grief or care?

Then go with your gifts of undying worth,

In the glory of manhood go ;

'Tis a holy summons that calls you forth

To conquer a nation's foe.

Go win the laurels that wait for those

Who, with armor and helmet on,

Shall guard from the host of its traitor foes

The Freedom our fathers won.

'Tis a glorious thing for the soul to bear

A part in the sacred strife,

Till the standards of victory wave in air

O'er the battle-fields of life.

An hour of such triumph outweighs the years

Allotted to us on earth :

"Without are fightings, within are fears,"

Is the hymn of the Spirit's birth.

For we rise in quelling the foes within

To conquer the hosts without :

Thus Truth is born from the death of Sin,

And the wrong is put to rout.

Then go, and return as the Father's hand

In wisdom and love shall plan,

Through paths that lead to the "Better Land,"

Or those that are made by man.

But bring ye back with its stars undimmed

The banner that o'er us waves,

And your praise on earth shall be sweetly hymned,

Or chanted o'er honored graves ;

•

And a pæan shall gush from the hearts of men,
With the echo, We still are free!
Oh, there will be mirth and rejoicing then
In the city beside the sea.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF COLONEL ELIAS PEISSNER, KILLED AT
THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.*

THE night-winds sigh amid the pines
That o'er Fort Miller† wave,
And answering voices from their shrines
Sing round a warrior's grave,—
A grave that 'neath their friendly shade
By loving hands was lately made
For one who gave
His life to save
The Liberty he worshipped more
Than wealth, or fame, or lofty lore.

* Colonel Elias Peissner was a German by birth. He left Vilseck, a small town in Bavaria, when quite young, and came to this country, attracted hither by his ardent love of freedom and free institutions. At the commencement of the present war he occupied an honorable position as Professor of the German Language and Literature at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. This position he cheerfully resigned, and, accepting the command of a volunteer company, offered himself to the service of his adopted country. By the noble sacrifice of his life he has proved his devotion to Freedom, and should be gratefully remembered by every true American.

† Fort Miller, on the Hudson River, the place of his interment.

The wild waves sob along the beach,
And sing a last farewell
To one who knew their mellow speech
And loved its music well:
He slumbers by the river's side,
Where Hudson's waters softly glide ;
And winds and wave
Weave o'er his grave
A requiem meet for those who die
A hero's death for Liberty !

The night-dews fall, the evening star
Sends down its brightening ray,
And, where he sleeps, no signs of war
Greet the pure eye of Day ;
But Nature, that he loved so well,
Weaves round him there her mild, sweet spell,
And o'er his tomb
The wild flowers bloom,
Bright emblems of the hero's deeds,
That live in hearts, as flowers in seeds.

Friends linger there with pensive tread,
And Love, that lives through years,
Oft stays to count beside his bed
Her rosary of tears ;
There Friendship's sigh and Love's deep moan,
To fond hearts now familiar grown,
In mournful speech
The world might teach

What sacrifice they make who die
For God's dear gift of LIBERTY.

The song-birds know his place of rest,
And oft, with sweeping wing,
They come to build their cunning nest
Above his grave, and sing ;
And echo-voices, lingering there,
Send back their anthems on the air,
Till every wire
Of Nature's lyre
Throbs quick with strains that seem to bear,
In every note, the HERO'S PRAYER.

The Hero's Prayer! the Hero's Prayer!
Oh, who its depth can reach ?
What fleeting form of thought or air
Give its deep meaning speech ?
It hath a voice on field and flood ;
'Tis written there in fire and blood ;
Its words are deeds,
That spring like seeds
From the heart's soil, with strength to brave
The threatening terrors of the grave.

Thus prayed the warrior, slumbering now
Beneath the pine-trees' shade,
And thus, where blood-stained rivers flow,
His sacrifice was made.
In youth, the wayward winsome art
Of Freedom won his wealth of heart,

And where her ray
 Illumed his way
He followed, till he crossed the strand
That's called the GERMAN'S FATHER-LAND.

He saw the towers of Vilseck fade,
 He left the Rhine's green shore,
And tracked her still, yet still she strayed
 O'er ocean's pearly floor,
Till in our land, our lovely land,
He saw her smiling vision stand ;
 Then peace and rest,
 At her behest,
Beguiled the fears that filled his breast,
And Love, sweet Love, became his guest.

He reared for her a sunny nest ;
 She cheered his heart the while,
And, while by her his heart was blest,
 Her sunshine was his smile ;
Then winged with joy the years went by,
Till Freedom waked her battle-cry,—
 When o'er our land,
 Our lovely land,
War's dread and awful tempest broke:
Then from his rest the hero woke.

Forth to the tented field he went,
 With hope and purpose high,
Eager to fight, and yet content
 In Freedom's cause to die :

All arts he loved, all lofty lore ;
Yet Liberty he loved still more ;
 And when her foes
 Defiant rose,

He followed where her glorious Star
Shone o'er the whirlwind shock of war.

“Stand firm ! stand firm !” his watchword then,
 In each dread conflict-hour
Rang with a voice of hope and cheer
 Through ranks that felt his power.
Thrilled with the word the hero spoke,
His comrades hailed the battle-smoke.

 They stemmed the flood
 Of fire and blood,
Nor feared to rush where perils lay,
While one so dauntless led the way.

Amid the thickest of the fight
 He fell, with face to foes,
While gleaming on his failing sight
 Our starry banner rose :
He died,—died bravely,—nobly died,—
For Liberty, his Soul's bright guide,

 Whose winsome art
 Had in his heart
Waked hopes and dreams of more command
Than friends, or home, or native land.

He died ! he died ! and “dust to dust,”
 In grief and tears, we say,

Till life's pale flowers of hope and trust
 Spring from the mouldering clay ;
Then upward, where an angel waits
His coming at the crystal gates,
 We track in light
 His spirit's flight
To where the heavenly vistas ope
And faith and hope have wider scope.

The priestly rites, the gilded shrine,
 The lights that gleam before,
Though symbols of the life divine,
 The hero needs no more.
On earth our faith, though e'er so bright,
Seems but a taper in the night ;
 But there, up there,
 In heaven's pure air,
It burns and glows, till in its light
The freed soul sings, "There is no night."

Thus thought exultant in its flight
 Turns from the grave's deep gloom,
And, lo ! a yet more glorious light
 Breaks o'er the hero's tomb !
It lives, it brightens all below ;
'Tis like a planet in its glow ;
 With steady ray
 It points the way
To where the "holy child" is born,
Where Freedom crowns her marriage-morn,—

To Justice when on earth she's wed,
And holy love is born,
The world will bless our noble dead
Who helped to bring the morn.
Till then, with trusting hearts we'll bear
Whate'er is sent of loss or care,
And still thank God
That from the sod,
Where'er a hero's heart has bled,
This glorious prophecy is read.

There yet shall come the golden age,
By Priest and Poet sung,
When Truth will every heart engage
And Love thrill every tongue :
Then Justice every work shall scan,
And men will own no tribe or clan,
But hand in hand
With Freedom stand,
And, joined in one fraternal band,
Find everywhere their " Father-Land."

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE
GENERAL JAMES S. WADSWORTH.

FROM a beautiful home by the Genesee,
From an Eden of Love outspread,
A hero went
To the warrior's tent,
With a kingly and martial tread.

From the cherished ones of a household band,
With a whispered fond adieu,
He went with a heart
That could own no art
Save to be strong and true.

Strong in the hour of his country's need,
And true to the cause of Right,
His lofty aim,
Like an oriflamme,
Burned with a steady light.

And over the soul of the hero bold
It shone with a spell-like power,
That eased his heart
Of the pain and smart
That come with the parting hour.

And though he felt he might ne'er return
To the home of his hope and love,

Yet not a fear
Of the contest near
Could the strength of his purpose move.

Not wealth could stay him, nor love, nor ease,
But he turned from each siren's song;
For he loved the cry
Of sweet Liberty,
And his spirit was brave and strong.

So he marshalled a host, and sped away
To the blood-red fields of War,
Where his only light
Through the terrible night
Was the flame of sweet Freedom's star.

Thus far from his home by the river's side,
From its visions of joy outspread,
The hero went
To the warrior's tent,
With a kingly and martial tread.

And forth to the combat for Freedom's sake
He sprang at the first command,
And firmly he stood
Mid scenes of blood,
The chief of a valiant band.

And strong and true in our hour of need
The gray-haired warrior proved ;

For long and well
He fought where fell
Thousands he knew and loved.

And many a soldier's heart he cheered,
And many a blessing gave,
To light their way
That shrouded lay
Through the darkness of the grave.

Oh, many a deed of valor marked
His path in the battle-storm,
Where firm and true
To the aim in view
Pressed forward his gallant form.

And long he bore in the strife a part,
Nor faltered till rest was won,
And the cry went forth
From South to North,
"The work of our Chief is done."

Then back to his home by the Genesee
The warrior returned one day,—
But not as he came,
With a heart aflame
To join in the fearful fray.

Not with the martial or kingly tread,
Not with the flashing eye

Whose kindling spell
Hath a power to tell
How nobly a man may die.

Not thus, not thus did the chief return
To the visions of home outspread ;
But he came (alas !
For the hopes that pass)
With the stillness of the dead.

And then there was heard by the river's side,
With the song that the wild waves say,
A voice of grief
For the noble chief
Who had passed from his home away,

And the smothered sigh, and the dropping tears,
That speak of the loved one gone,
Came with the knell
Of the tolling bell,
As the funeral train moved on.

By the loving hands he was wont to clasp
Ere the light of his eye had fled,
He was borne to rest,
And a nation's breast
Mourned for the noble dead.

To his beautiful home by the Genesee,
To its visions of hope outspread,

He will come no more,
As he came of yore,
With kingly and martial tread.

To a fairer home, in a land of love,
Just over the River of Death,
The hero has gone,
And the heaven is won
We sing of in faltering breath.

There he will meet, and with rapture greet,
The friends of his early youth,
Where the soul's high aim,
Like an oriflamme,
Leads on to immortal truth.

Then shall we weep for the noble dead,
Whose guerdon of fame is won?
Nay, let us say,
With a cheerful lay,
The work of a Chief is done.

And, oh, like him may we seek to bear
High part in the coming strife,
That highest fame
May enroll our name
On the battle-scrolls of life!

NOT ONE HATH DIED IN VAIN.

Not a warrior went down to the grave in vain,—
Not one, not one,—
Of all the thousands in combat slain
By the deadly rain,
The fearful, terrible, leaden rain,
That hissed and thundered along the plain,
When the fiends of war held a carnival,
And Death was the guest that danced with all
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a hero for freedom hath died unwept,—
Not one, not one;
Tears, bright tears, for the brave are kept;
And where they slept,
Wounded and mangled, in stillness slept,
When the shadows of death o'er their eyelids crept,
There Love hath been, with her calm, sweet spell,
And her heart's best gift for each one that fell
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not one among them shall be forgot,—
Not one, not one,—
Who on that fearfully hallowed spot
Bore well his lot,

The soldier's perilous, weary lot:
From deeds like theirs the forget-me-not
Of Fame springs up, and its fadeless bloom
Shall wreathe with garlands each lowly tomb
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not one of their number shall be unblessed,—
Not one, not one;
But the grateful hearts of the long-oppressed,
Their wrongs redressed,
By them in courage and strength redressed,
Shall sing in chorus and call them blessed,
And reverently pause by each grave to tell
How bravely, nobly, their brothers fell
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a soldier shall sleep in the grave unsung,—
Not one, not one;
Fame hath a trumpet, and Love a tongue,
Which hearts, now wrung,
With grief and sorrow and anguish wrung,
Shall use, to teach to the harps unstrung
The lofty speech that is due in praise
Of those who gathered their greenest bays
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not one for his country hath died in vain,
Not one, not one;
The God of Justice, whose equal reign
O'erlooks the plain,—

The blood-stained, terrible battle-plain,—
Has care for the souls of the heroes slain.
His love takes note of them, every one;
He knoweth whose duty was nobly done
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not one went down to the dull, dark grave,—
Not one, not one;
But, rising victorious from out the waves
Of life he gave,
The crimson, mysterious tide he gave,
For the noble cause he was strong to save,
Each soul passed on to the higher ranks
Of the shining hosts that o'erlooked our flanks
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a sacrifice we can make is vain,
Not one, not one,
That lifts us up from a lower plane
To greet the reign—
The mild, but firm and impartial, reign—
Of Justice, that rose with a star-eyed train
From the dust, the thunder, and battle-smoke.
When the light on her bride, sweet Freedom, broke
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a tyrant sits on a royal throne,
Not one, not one,
Who shall not yield to the power that's grown
From that field alone,

That blood-stained, terrible field alone,
And tremble, while struggling to save his own
From the bright'ning flame of that glorious star
That rose o'er the din and the shock of war
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a traitor bears in the strife a part,
Not one, not one,
Who shall not feel in his soul the smart
Of the hero's art,
The high, o'ermastering, enduring art,
By which our freemen, with ready dart,
Drove back the haughty, rebellious horde
That met them proudly with fire and sword
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a patriot lives, or a hero soul,
Not one, not one,
Who shall not yield to the strong control
Of thoughts that roll,
In solemn rapture and grandeur roll,
Toward the distant but brightening goal
Of hopes that oft in the warrior rose
Triumphant over his human woes
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a wounded soldier is suffering there,
Not one, not one,
Who bore with a hero heart his share
In the fierce warfare,

The deadly, terrible, wild warfare,
For the cause of Liberty trembling there,
Who will not say in his heart, "Thank God!
The blood of freemen redeemed the sod
On the fields of Gettysburg."

Not a brother is wearing the bondman's chain,
Not one, not one,
Who shall not thrill with the hope again
That his sigh and pain,
His life-long sigh and his torturing pain,
Will die, and his chains be rent in twain.
In the bloody field and the carnage dire
He sees the glimmer of Freedom's fire
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a year shall pass, or a circling age,
Not one, not one,
That Truth shall not in her cause engage
To turn the page,
The gloriously written, immortal page,
Traced there in blood and in battle-rage,
Upon the fearfully hallowed field,
Where the bride of Justice stood forth revealed
On the fields of Gettysburg.

Not a land is known, nor a distant clime,
Not one, not one,
That shall not thrill with their solemn chime,
Or sing in rhyme,

In echo's sweet and melodious rhyme,
The song that greeted the halls of time,
And sounded in triumph along the dells
When Freedom was ringing her marriage-bells
On the fields of Gettysburg.

HYMN TO DEATH.

WE are taught that death is fearful,
And the grave a gloomy goal;
But there lives a sting more dreadful
In a fettered human soul.

Paths there are in life more dreary
Than the portals of the tomb,
Where our tottering footsteps weary,
And the heart forgets its bloom.

Shrouds there are that wrap the spirit,
Colder than the winding-sheet,
Chilling frosts that gather o'er it
While the human pulses beat.

There's a night of doubt and sadness,
Where the bridge of dark Despair,
Stretching o'er the abyss of madness,
Breaks, and leaves its victims there.

Living ghosts there are around us,
Stalking to their daily toil,
More revolting than the spectres
Banished from the "mortal coil."

Minds with moral feelings blighted
By the world's unkindly breath,
Sordid souls on earth benighted,
Bound with stronger cords than death,—

Weary hearts, whose vernal beauties
Pined to reach a summer's bloom,
But, amid life's solemn duties,
Perished in a rayless gloom.

How can death to such be fearful?
Do we love our house of clay?
Are its prison-walls more cheerful
Than the courts of endless day?

Death,—what is it but the bringing
Of the weary spirit home?
Where the founts of joy are springing,
And the angels whisper, Come!

The dead! whom call we such? the immortals?
Those who breathe a purer air,
Far beyond earth's shadowy portals
And the changing land of care?

Those who, free as winds, are sweeping
On their bright celestial wings,

Holy vigils kindly keeping
O'er our earthly wanderings?

They are not dead: yon lone star, burning
In the sunset's purple glow,
Answers to my voiceless yearning,
And in whispers tells me, No.

They are not dead: the buried treasures
In our spirit-cells that lie,
Earth-born hopes, and idle pleasures,
Are the only things that die.

Let us, then, since life is waning,
And we see the shadowy goal,
Strive with every good remaining
To adorn the human soul.

Let us leave our thoughts of sadness,
And forget life's cares and woes,
In the dreams whose light of gladness
From the Father-country flows.

THE ANGEL OF THE SOUL.

"Without faith ye can do nothing."

WHEN storms are bursting o'er my head,
And winds blow wild and chill,
A voice within me sweetly sings,
"It is the Father's will."

When darkness gathers o'er my way,
And fears my bosom fill,
I hear a voice that calmly says,
"His hand will guide thee still."

When, one by one, kind friends depart,
Or fade the flowers of love,
There's something charms my grief away,
And lifts my thoughts above;

And Hope, the skylark of the soul,
Aloft still soars and sings,
And, upward glancing through the clouds,
I see her shining wings.

And then I dream a blissful dream,
And greet a vision fair,—
A home with many mansions bright,
And my lost treasures there.

When others pass me coldly by,
Or shun my humble door,
A voice within me sweetly says,
"The Prince of Peace was poor."

When grieving o'er the ills of life,
The world's neglect and scorn,
It says, "O heart, be brave and strong:
Night comes, and then the morn!"

When Wrong puts on a haughty mien,
And triumphs o'er the Right,

It meekly says, "In God's own time
The truth will find the light."

When fortune frowns, and grief and care
Their shadows round me throw,
It sings, "'Tis shade and sunshine both
That make our spirits grow."

When envious foes, defiant grown,
Unkindly seek my fall,
It calmly sings, "There's One above
Who knows and loves us all."

And then in pitying tones it tells
How all have erred who live ;
And when I hate, it chiding sings,
"'Tis better to forgive."

Thus every trial, every fear
Or grief, that haunts my breast,
By some consoling voice is met
And quickly soothed to rest.

I never knew an hour so dark,
So desolate and drear,
As not to have one pleasant thought
Thus whispered in my ear.

My outward life is one of toil :
Yet often, all day long,
My heart in Nature's anthem joins,
And worships God in song.

60 A SONG FOR THE ARMY OF KNITTERS.

Oh, may I ever hear that voice,
And feel its high control !
For well I know 'tis Faith that sings,—
The Angel of the Soul !

A SONG FOR THE ARMY OF KNITTERS.

INSCRIBED TO THE FIFTY-FIRST REGIMENT, P. V.

HERE'S a pair of warm mittens for some one,—
A stranger, it may be, to me ;
Yet I call him a friend and a brother,
Whatever his title may be.
A colonel, a captain, or private,
As equal in honors I view ;
For they are the heroes of Freedom
Who prove themselves valiant and true.

And I send to them all the kind wishes
That spring from pure sisterly trust,
And ask, in return, that our banner
May never be trailed in the dust,
But aloft, with its starry adornings,
Unsullied and bright, may it wave
O'er the land that is sacred to Freedom,
Baptized in the blood of the brave.

I'm knitting more mittens for some one,—
The task is a pleasure to me:
Yet I cannot help thinking, while knitting,
Ah, who will that some one be?
And I fancy the one who receives them
Will shout to his comrades, in glee,
"Ah, some one has knit me nice mittens!
Oh, joy! what a comfort they'll be!"

And then, as he hastily tries them,
Their merits the better to see,
I fancy he'll silently query,
"Oh, who can that some one be?"
Then over the chords of his spirit
The fingers of Fancy will stray,
Till the pulses of music awaken
And throb with a tenderer lay.

Ah, then the dear image of some one,
In brightness and beauty, will come
In dreams to look smilingly on him
And sing of the loved ones at home;
And the heart of the soldier will listen
Entranced to her joy-lighted themes,
Till hushed is the moan of the river
That rolls by his palace of dreams.

Then bright o'er his pathway of peril
Will glimmer Hope's beautiful star,
And his heart will grow braver and stronger
To follow the fortunes of war.

For our country, his freedom and honor,
He'll triumph o'er thick-coming fears,
For he'll know there are hearts in the home-land
Who pray for the brave volunteers.

Oh, bright to the soul of the hero
Each labor and peril will be,
While his heart o'er love's token is singing,
"Ah, some one is thinking of me!"
Thus toil we, "an army of knitters,"
Encamped by life's murmuring streams,
While Hope with the thread of our fancies
Keeps knitting us beautiful dreams.

THEN AND NOW.

ONCE I was weary, and pined to go
From earth, and its numberless scenes of woe;
For the reaper Death, with his terrible mien,
His chilling breath, and his weapon keen,
To the Eden-bower of my love had been,
And 'neath the touch of his blighting power
Withered and faded its fairest flower;
And its rills of thought, that were bright before
With childhood's dreams and its sunny lore,
Went sighing and sobbing along the shore,
Chafing a desolate rim of rocks,
Where Grief sat, combing her raven locks,

And tearfully sighing, in earth-born lore,
 A dirge for the dead who return no more.
 She died, who gave me my being here ;
 She was borne away, and I shed no tear,
 But day by day, at my father's door,
 I sat and murmured the sad lay o'er,
 "Mother is dead, and the world is poor ;
 For all that was dearest to me below
 Lies in the church-yard under the snow ;
 And they who are older, and ought to know
 Where the dead in mysterious stillness go,
 Tell me that Spring will return again,
 With its flock of birds, and a smiling train
 Of beautiful flowers, to adorn the hills
 Or garland the banks of the sunlit rills ;
 But that the dead from their solemn shore
 To the loved and living return no more."
 Thus oft I sat at my father's door,
 Tearfully singing the sad lay o'er,
 "Mother is dead, and the world is poor ;
 For what," I asked, "are its joys to me,
 What all the treasures of land and sea,
 What the glory of earth or of stars above,
 Without that blessing,—a mother's love?"
 Ah ! naught to one with a heart like mine,
 That had for its worship but one pure shrine,
 One morning star and one summer sky,—
 The calm deep blue of a loving eye.
 When that was closed in the trance of death,
 Like a child astray when the frost-king's breath

Lies chill and cold on a wild, bleak heath,
Hiding the blossoms that sleep beneath.
Through many a long, dull, dreary night
I wept and prayed for the morning light,
And lonely and sad at my father's door,
I sat, and murmured the deep lay o'er,
"Mother is dead, and the world is poor.
The nameless grace of her form I miss,
Her beautiful smile, and the good-night kiss
That always came in the evening hours,
And lay on my lips like dew on the flowers.
I miss her voice, and my eyes grow dim
As I think of the words of a beautiful hymn
She used to repeat with a thrilling power
As I sat by her side in the twilight hour;
I miss the touch of her gentle hand,
Her light caress, and her mild command.
Oh, would some tidings of her might come
From the shadowy land to my lonely home,
Or that my pathway in youth but led
To the shores where linger the voiceless dead!
That my soul in those beautiful realms above
Might be blessed again with a mother's love!"
For years this blight on my spirit lay,
Till an angel sang to me thus, one day :
"Child of my love, I am living still,
Cheerfully doing the Father's will.
Awake! arise from thy useless grief;
Cast it off like a withered leaf,

And let it drift from thy soul away
 Down to the chasm of swift decay.
 Awake! and, singing a grateful lay,
 In the fields of Endeavor go work and pray;
 Work with high hopes and an earnest will,
 Pray, and the blessings that oft distil
 Likè dew on the hearts of the brave and free,
 Giving rest and peace, will descend on thee.
 Thy mother now hath a radiant home,
 Where night and sorrow may never come;
 But oft I stray from its scenes of mirth,
 To watch o'er the flowers that I left on earth.
 Then conquer that desolate sense of woe
 That makes you yearn from the world to go;
 And know, my child, that, where'er you rove,
 You still are blessed with a mother's love."

The sweet lay ceased, but a strange, deep calm,
 Like the hush that follows a holy psalm,
 Hovered about me, and dropped like balm
 On my weary soul, that at once grew brave,
 Till it rose and made for its grief a grave,
 And went forth with singing to work and pray
 In the fields where the blessings of God still lay.
 Since then I have labored and borne my part
 In the world's great strife with a thankful heart,
 And, like the angel who guards me still,
 Am cheerfully doing the Father's will;
 And now, though lately the reaper Death,
 With ready scythe and chilling breath,

Hath entered my humble home once more
And borne from me to the silent shore
The aged form that my father wore,
I do not sorrow as once before,
Or sit and sing by my lonely door,
"Father is dead, and the world is poor ;"
For I look on death as a blessing given
To those whose hearts have been sorrow-riven,—
An angel sent by the Father's hand
To open the gates of the "Morning Land"
And guide the soul from a land of strife
To the higher fountains of love and life.
And though I dream of the form now dead,
And miss the sound of his aged tread,
Yet I know he is living, and loves me still
With a father's deep and undying will;
And when the span of my years is run,
And I feel that my work on earth is done,
When my soul by the beautiful city waits,
They will both be there, by the golden gates,—
Father and mother,—and hand in hand
I shall walk with them through the Summer-Land.

WHAT IS LIFE?

On a lone rock of the ocean,
Where the harps of Nature thrill
With the deepest soul-emotion,
And her voice is never still,—

Sad and fearful, feeling sorrow,
Waiting for the coming morrow,
Sat I there, and inly questioned,
Questioned of the waves and stars,
What is Life?

“What is Life?” a voice repeated,
And the waves took up the sound ;
Where the heavy surge retreated,
Passed the solemn chorus round,
Till from many a planet beaming,
Through the floating cloud-rifts gleaming,
Came a sound, a sob replying
To the waves, in sadness sighing,
What is Life?”

“What is Life?” Through Night’s dominion,
Through the star-streets of the sky,
Fled a bird with raven pinion,
Bearing on the mournful cry.
Then I stilled my heart, and listened,
Hoping, while the dew still glistened
In the star-light’s silver ray,
Soon to hear the wanderer bringing
Pleasant answer in his singing,
To my spirit’s deepening lay :—
“What is Life?”

But with slow and stately marches
Passed the pale Moon to her rest,

Ere along night's dusky arches
Came the bird with panting breast.
Joy was not amid his singing;
Pleasure came not with his winging;
For the only note he uttered
Was the question, faintly muttered,
"What is Life?"

"Ah!" I said, "hath Night no voices
But the echo of my lay?
Let me turn where Earth rejoices
At the footprints of the Day:
She hath myriad voices swelling,
Sounding through her ancient dwelling;
When she opes her rosy portal,
She will tell a weary mortal
What is Life."

Morn came laughing o'er the mountains,
Putting up her golden bars,
And the light that kissed the fountains
Shut the eyelids of the stars.
Then I thought to ease my sadness,
Putting on the light of gladness;
But just then the mournful quiver
Of a voice that made me shiver,
Hoarse and hollow, whispered near me,
"What is Life?"

Then a dark abyss, wide-yawning,
Like the gloomy gulf of Care,

Without sign or sound of warning,
Opened to my vision there;
And I saw below me reeling,
Tortured, lashed with murderous feeling,
Beings on whose brows were graven
Fiery marks of fiend or craven,
And their only cry was, "Gold!
Ha! more gold!"

Fed with mortal pain and anguish,
Gorged with human tears and sighs,
Clothed in flames that never languish,
Lo! I saw great Mammon rise,
Like a giant old and hoary,
Chanting still his ancient story,
Pointing to his shining palace,
Holding high the promised chalice,
While the tempting ore was ringing.
To his slaves I heard him singing,
"Gold! more gold!"

Long and loud on Echo's pinions
Sounded on the cry of "Gold,"
Till by Fortune's pampered minions
Human rights were bought and sold.
With a hideous worship, stealing
From their hearts each generous feeling,
Low before his gilded altar,
Breathing vows that never falter,

Checking every holy passion,
Knelt the blinded slaves of fashion,
Bought with gold.

“Sordid souls!” I cried, recoiling,
While my soul felt pity’s thrills,
“Will the wealth for which ye’re toiling
Guide you to the heavenly rills?
Heard ye e’er the pleasant singing
Of that fount, forever springing,
In whose sweetly-flowing numbers
Love’s undying music slumbers?
Saw ye e’er a distant gleaming
Of hope’s star, whose silver beaming
O’er life’s darkly-closing vesper
Trembles like the light of Hesper?
While from sphere to sphere of glory
Sing the stars their ancient story,
Of a fountain filled with bliss,
Of a happier clime than this?
Can ye tell me, restless mortals,
Where my steps shall find its portals?
Oh, then wake your harps of gladness;
Wake, and tell me, in my sadness,
What is Life?”

Not a word to me they uttered ;
All their hearts seemed dead and cold,
While the fiend beside them muttered
In their ears the song of gold.

Cloud-like, then, the scene departed ;
Darker shades o'erhung the skies,
And on every breeze that started
Came the sound of human sighs.
Then I looked, and, lo ! Oppression,
Followed by a long procession,
O'er a pantomimic stage
Wandered on from age to age.
In her train walked Care and Sadness,
Wasting Grief, and Crime, and Madness,
And, where'er her darts were sent,
They with Woe and Darkness went.
Oh ! the sorrow—oh ! the anguish—
Of the millions here who languish,
Feeling scarce one ray of heaven
To their longing spirits given !
Hark, my soul, and hear them sighing,
See them struggling, toiling, dying,
Daily wasting heart and brain,
All to ease "their hunger-pain."

"Is this Life?" I faintly muttered ;
"No !" my inmost soul replied ;
And a sweet response was uttered
By an angel at my side.
Softly o'er my senses stealing,
Waked the sound this truth revealing,
And the solemn waves of ocean
Thrilled as with a new emotion,
While as dreams to childhood slumbers
Came to me these mystic numbers :—

“ When the air is chill and cold,
When the frost lies on the mould,
How can summer flowers unfold ?
When a dark and cheerless doom
Sables o'er the spirit-room,
Hanging all its walls in gloom,
How can Life immortal bloom ?
Life hath loveliness and beauty ;
Pleasure should be wed to duty ;
Gladness in the soul should dwell
As music in the ocean-shell ;
Love-flowers sweet to every heart
Their heavenly influence should impart,
And peace and joy and hope fill up,
With rounded bliss, life's mingled cup :
Thus would we all in triumph rise,
And talk with angels from the skies.

“ Life in heaven is Love and Wisdom ;
Harmony rules in the angel kingdom ;
From the highest star in the Father's crown,
Through radiant circles winding down
To the nearest planet whose sapphire blaze
Looks through your atmosphere of haze,
Coming and going in ceaseless waves,
Wanders the sound of its full octaves ;
And the richest chord and the sweetest strain
Of angel music is Love's refrain :—
' Mortals of earth, as you hope to win
A draught from the fountain that flows within,

As you hope on viewless wings to rise
To the starry realms of the upper skies,
You must leave your worship of senseless dross,
And the constant counting of gain or loss,
And turn from the bigot's faith in creeds
To the daily doing of kindly deeds,
And strive, ere ye pass to the spirit-shore,
To learn one lesson of Love's sweet lore!
For the nearest to God and to heaven's sweet rills
Are the souls who have triumphed o'er earthly ills,
They who have borne through the world's dull mart
The hero gifts of a Christ-like heart,—
Toiling and hoping, and loving all.
Over such shall the life-lights fall,
Holy and pure as the first bright ray
At the early dawn of an Eden day,
While calmly onward o'er seas of strife
Their frail barks wander. This, this is Life!"

LET US WORSHIP GOD.

LET us worship God on the mountains,
In the valley, on the hill,
Where the wild, free harps of Nature
With the grandest music thrill.

Let us worship Him in the forest,
By the bright and songful rills,
Where the morning dew a sweetness
From every flower distils.

Let us worship God on the ocean,
Where the wild waves kiss the strand,
And where the wrathful billows
With their heaving shake the land.
Let us worship Him with gladness,
In sunshine and in calm,
And let the air about us
Thrill with our holy psalm.

Let us worship God in the temples,
Not builded here by hand,
That erect in his own image
In life and beauty stand.
Let us worship Him with singing,
And with the voice of prayer,
And, as He is ever present,
Let us worship everywhere.

Let us worship God on the mountains
Of Beauty and of Use,
And in the peaceful valleys
Where cares their charms unloose.
Let us worship Him with fervor,
And a steadfastness of faith
That through all life's toils and trials
No doubt or wavering hath.

Let us worship God in meekness,
In spirit, and in truth,
And in works of loving duty
Let the heart renew its youth.
Let us worship Him by serving
E'en those to virtue lost;
"For we worship God most truly
When we love each other most."

Let us worship God with labor,
And daily sow the seed
That shall bring the golden harvest
Of pure and loving deed.
Let us feel that oft about us
Are the kind protecting arms
Of the angels sent to guide us
And save from rude alarms.

Let us worship God in the winter,
When the wild winds sweep our path
And we feel the awful presence
Of the Storm-King in his wrath.
Let us calmly wait, nor suffer
Our fears to overwhelm
The childlike trust that crieth,
"Our Father's at the helm."

Let us worship God in the spring-time,
When the Beautiful is born,
And we hear the rapturous singing
Of birds in the early morn.

Let us worship Him with gladness,
Who out of the wintry strife
Hath wrought, with unseen fingers,
Such miracles of life.

Let us worship God in the summer,
When the earth is in her prime,
When winds and the wandering breezes
Have a soft eolian chime.

Let us worship Him with fervor
In the forest's aisles and bowers,
Where the angels talk with mortals
Through their alphabet of flowers.

Let us worship God in the autumn,
When the sighing breezes come,
And, like laborers in his vineyard,
Sing with joy the "harvest-home."
In all times and in all seasons,
Through labor and in prayer,
Let us worship God the Father,
And praise Him everywhere.

And, as a calm, bright river,
That softly glides along,
With sunlight on its bosom
And gladness in its song,
So will our days flow onward
In peace toward the flood
Where our griefs will change to blessings,
Giving joy when understood

And when our souls flit homeward
From the battle-fields of Life,
We will bless the loving Father
For the fierceness of the strife;
And with His host of angels,
In the land of light and love,
We will raise our grateful voices
And worship Him above.

GRATITUDE.

INSCRIBED TO N. L.

My lips could not breathe the rich tones of my heart,
Nor interpret its musical thrill,
Though its chords with the deepest emotion were
swayed.

At the hour when we met, they were still.

With a tide of strange thoughts I but struggled in
vain

To summon such words to my aid
As should open my soul to thy vision, and show
Where the best of its treasures were laid.

Down deep in the cells where the pearl-lights are
hid

That sparkle and flash into song,
Are the purest emotions, the brightest of dreams,
And feelings a beautiful throng.

Like wood-birds imprisoned they flutter and sing,
And strive for the fountain of Light
Whose hope-lisping waves in the desert of Life
First flowed o'er my spirit by night.

With a chorus of gladness they hail the blest beams
Of a jewel just dropped in the wave,
And in rapture they bend o'er the spot where it lies,
Like amber enshrined in its cave.

'Tis the loveliest gem that the heart ever kept,—
Of a kind that to mortal is rare;
And I prize it the more that its radiance broke
O'er my soul in a season of care.

Wouldst thou learn the sweet name of that beautiful gem?

I will sing it,—my harp-strings are free:—
'Tis gratitude,—loveliest gem of the soul:
Lo! it sparkles and flashes for thee.

Thou didst strew o'er my pathway the roses of hope,
And their odors crept into my heart,
Till happier dreams and a holier trust
Became of my being a part.

Then Joy nestled close to the fountain of song
That mirrors the star-beam and sun,
And a tear that gleamed in her eye fell down;
And thus was the pearl-drop won.

O Gratitude! beautiful gem! unto thee
My purest libations I pour,
For the hand that has plucked from my bosom its
thorn,
For the friend who has taught me to soar.

MEMORY BELLS.

GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF N. L——,
WHO DIED FEBRUARY 10, 1863.*

O MEMORY BELLS! sweet memory bells!
Ring forth to-night a low, sad tone;
Wake, all ye minstrels of my soul,
Let every voiceful chord make moan;
For in my heart I hear a knell,
The echo of a funeral bell,
That lately rang a mournful chime
For one whose sands of life in time
Have all run out!—have all run out!

I hear it now, that mournful sound
That signal gives of death and life,
A death below, a birth on high,
And freedom from all mortal strife.

* The deceased was an earnest friend of Literature, and a generous patron of the Fine Arts.

And, mingling with the solemn tone,
I hear from human hearts a moan,
And whispered words of grief, that tell
More plainly than the funeral bell,

A friend is gone!—a friend is gone!

A friend is gone!—a friend is gone!

So say a broken household throng
Who miss the dear familiar form
That lived and toiled amid them long.
They see, with many a throb of pain,
His vacant chair, his hat or cane,
And sigh to think that they remain,
While he will never come again

As once he came!—as once he came!

A friend is gone!—a friend is gone!

Thus say the toiling sons of Art,
Whose sculptured dreams of beauty won
The golden homage of his heart.
He fed their aspirations high,
And showed to their discerning eye
The splendor-palace of the sky,
Before whose bright, transparent gates,
With starry brow, fair Genius waits,
And beckons, with uplifted hand,
To all who seek the Morning Land
Of lovely dreams, to walk with her,
And quit the world's discordant stir.
He bade them heed her winsome voice,
And in their noble gifts rejoice.

What wonder, then, that now they sigh,
And say with sorrow-speaking eye,
A friend is gone!—a friend is gone!

A friend is gone!—a friend is gone!
So sings an humble child of Song,
And, could she span the world of thought,
She would the tender lay prolong,
Till every tongue had breathed the name
Of him who fed the timid flame
That lit her way to joy and fame.
His grave is on a western shore,
Whose sands her feet may tread no more;
But, could she seek the cherished spot,
She'd bear from out some sylvan grove
One gift,—a blue forget-me-not,—
And plant it there, and it should bloom
In beauty by his lonely tomb.
Alas! her tuneful lyre is all
On which her grateful heart can call
To weave an offering meet to wave
Above his far but honored grave,
Save one,—to memory ever dear,—
A grateful tear!—a grateful tear!

A friend is gone!—a friend is gone!
And now that he the goal hath won
That all are nearing, one by one,
My lyre shall wake its mellow tone,

And, with its music-haunted spells,
Show how he freed my heart from care,
And left, instead, sweet memory bells.
I know not what to other eyes
The record of his life may be ;
I only learned that he was kind,
And that he was a friend to me.
In many ways he may have erred,—
What human heart from guile is free ?
I was content that he was kind ;
The rest I left for God to see.
And if a breath of evil fame,
From envious lips, assailed his name,
My heart repelled the charge, and sighed
To think that *he* should be belied,
Or that his acts his heart belied,
And to the slanderer I replied,
He is my friend !—he is my friend !
He found me far from home and friends,
Amid the world's discordant throng,
Yet from his sphere of wealth and power
He stayed to listen to my song ;
And though 'twas but a childish lay,—
A simple, unpretending strain,—
Yet he the timid effort praised,
And bade me tune my lyre again ;
And words of cheer, like dews distilled
From summer skies that brightly shine,
Dropped from his sympathizing heart,
And fed the flowers of hope in mine ;

And soon their leaves, that drooped before
 Beneath the blighting shades of care,
Looked up, and wore so sweet a bloom
 That fragrance freighted all the air,
And joy-bells, waked within my soul,
 Sent forth a peal so wild and gay
That Sorrow, frightened from her nest,
 Uprose and quickly fled away.
Then sunshine o'er my pathway played,
 My murky midnight changed to noon,
And soon the winter of my days
 Had fled, and left me smiling June.
Ere that, my thoughts, like wood-birds caged,
 Had daily chafed their prison-bars,
And pined in vain to soar on high
 Above life's petty cares and jars.
He gave my fancy flower-seeds rare:
I nursed them with a jealous care,
And soon, where all was wild and rude
Within my tangled solitude,
Looked forth the flowers of Gratitude;
 And I was free!—oh, I was free!

Since then, with calm, unfaltering trust
 I've travelled up the steep of time,
And ever mid life's heat and toil
 I've heard the merry song-bells chime;
And, near or far, their low, sweet sound
O'er all my soul its spell has bound,

Till higher hopes and brighter themes
Have bridged the torrent of my dreams.
Now in the templed halls of art
I stand with wildly-beating heart,
And thank my God that I am blest,
In that I hear within my breast
The music of an angel-guest,
That gives me comfort, peace, and rest,
Though oft I breathe the sad farewell,
Or hear the echo of the bell
That warns me, with its mournful knell,
A friend is gone!—a friend is gone!

A friend is gone!—a friend is gone!
That tender lay will still ring on,
And in my heart make plaintive moan,
Till earth recedes and heaven is won;
Then on that fair and radiant shore
Where care and sorrow wake no more
With hope and mirth discordant lore,
Should our unfettered spirits meet,
With joy I would his presence greet,
And, in remembrance of a vow
Made in my heart while here below,
I'd place upon his honored brow
A wreath, the fairest ever given,
Made from the starry flowers of heaven,
And named, by her whose muse he wooed
From Sorrow's tangled solitude,
The Song-Child's gift of Gratitude.

Oh, would that all by fortune blest
 Could read the lesson of his life,
And learn to cheer the hearts of those
 Who tread the rougher path of strife;
Then would they leave on earth some trace
Of deeds that bless the human race,
And, waked for them, when they are gone
From many a heart would swell the song
 Of Memory Bells, sweet Memory Bells.

SONG OF EROS TO THE HOURS.

To the Halls of the Past, to a shadowy throng,
 Ye are tripping away, away,
And the sounds ye weave in your mystic song
 Are the voices of Night and Day.
 Ye go, and ye come not back
 O'er the still and solemn track,
And never more will the tremulous chime
 Or the musical beat
 Of your pattering feet
Ring out in the courts of Time.

Glide along, glide along, ye swift-winged Hours,
 Whose pulses the moments are :
The sun at your call, drinking dew from the flowers,
 Mounts the sky in his burning car ;
 But your sisters will lead him back,
And the stars, in his shining track,

Like nuns will steal from the "house of Night,"
While the Abbess moon,
In her silver shoon,
Walks forth in her path of light.

Swift is your flight as the mazy dance
At the bridal of Hope and Mirth,
When bright to the heart is the smile and glance
Of the queenly Madonna Earth.
When Joy wakes her golden strings,
Ye float on your sylphic wings,
And the tongue of Time through the lapsing day,
Like an ominous bird,
Croaks on unheard,
And mutters his doleful lay.

But slowly and sadly ye move along
To hearts in the homes of sorrow,
Who wistfully watch for the coming on
Of a brighter and better morrow.
Pale is the flower that springs
In the shade of your leaden wings,
And far from the hum of the "babbling day"
The Spirit of Grief,
Like a sensitive leaf,
Silently shrinks away.

Glide on, glide on : ye are merry thieves,
And ye pillage the beautiful Earth,
Stealing the blush from the red rose-leaves,
And the smile from the lips of Mirth.

Ye gather life's sands as ye pass,
And ye shiver the magic glass,
And laugh when ye pilfer, in elfin glee,
The holiest truth
From the heart of youth ;
But ye can take nothing from me.

I am Love, the Eternal, the Holy and High,
And I rule over regions afar ;
With the day-god I look from the blue-curtained sky,
And at eve I am seen in a star.
I breathe in the soft-flowing streams,
I live in the maiden's dreams,
And my smiles hang the bow o'er the path of
the showers,
And the turtle-dove
Sings a lay of love,
And love is the song of the flowers !

All powers, all dominions, all seasons, are mine,
And the gems ye would rifle from me
In the kingdom of Jove in glory shall shine,
Like stars o'er the infinite sea.
Oh, light in my sunny bowers
Are the steps of the laughing Hours,
And their pulse beats quick, and their breath is
free,
But I charm them well
With a holy spell,
That they can take nothing from me !

Glide on, merry Hours, to the shadowy throng,
To the halls of the Past away ;
Go tell to your sisters, in sylphic song,
The graces of Night and Day.
 Ye go, and ye come not back
 O'er the still and solemn track,
And never more will the tremulous chime
 Or the musical beat
 Of your pattering feet
Ring out in the courts of Time !

FLOWERS IN THE MARKET.

I've seen on the hill-side, and down in the vale,
A meek little blossom, with cheeks lily-pale ;
I've seen in the woodland the loveliest flowers
Look up through the sunlight and laugh in the
 showers ;
I've been where the primrose unclosed to the air
Its dew-dripping chalice, and nectar hid there ;
But joy never flowed in such rills to my heart
As come with your smiles in the crowd of the mart,
 Beautiful flowers ! beautiful flowers !
Laugh of the sunbeams, pearls of the showers,
I love you, I love you, O beautiful flowers !

I've watched where the rose-heart hath whispered
its love

And plighted its vows in the ear of the dove ;

I've strayed where the foxglove hung over the rills,
Where the eye of the daisy shone out on the hills ;

I've culled the blue harebells, and swung on the
vines,

And seen the soft banks where the wood-myrtle
twines ;

But these never thrilled the deep chords of my
heart

As the light of your smiles in the din of the mart.

Beautiful flowers ! beautiful flowers !

Footprints of angels, God's light in the bowers,

I love you, I love you, O beautiful flowers !

I've been where the columbine lifted its head,

And the wintergreen blushed with its berries of red ;

I've wandered along, like a waif on the sea,

Where my music for hours was the hum of the bee ;

I've danced in the halls of the tangled wild wood,

And heard the loud roar of the cataract's flood ;

But peace never found a bright way to my heart

Till I bent o'er the flowers in the crowd of the mart.

Beautiful flowers ! beautiful flowers !

No oak-gnarled branches, no ivy-hung towers,

Could have blessed me like you, O beautiful flowers !

My spirit was drooping, earth-weary, and worn,

As I passed from my room in the early spring morn ;

I yearned for the hill-tops, I pined for the vales,
Where I knew the sweet flowers wooed the soft-
scented gales ;

But a crowd was around me ; the tramp of a throng
Hushed the tremulous notes of the Spirit of Song ;
But all their wild numbers flowed free from my heart
When I saw the bright flowers in the crowd of the
mart.

Beautiful flowers ! beautiful flowers !
How holy and pure are the mystical powers
That live in your presence, O beautiful flowers !

I've seen gay wreaths over dark rocks flung,
And the moss-fringed nest where the oriole swung :
I've seen the blue-curtained violet peep,
Like a timid child, from the hedge-row deep ;
I've seen where the tiny star-flower looked up,
With its "silvery eye," to the lily's cup ;
But I knew not how precious they were to my heart
Till I looked on their forms in the throng of the
mart.

Beautiful flowers ! beautiful flowers !
I've seen fair forms in the festive bowers,
But none like to you, O ye beautiful flowers !

The hunter who follows the mountain stag
Or the fleet chamois o'er the shelving crag,
In the triumph and strength of the perilous hour
Thanks God for the smile of the Alpine flower ;

And thus would I murmur a hymn of praise
O'er the blossoms that lighten our lonely ways,
And bless from the depths of a joyous heart
These lights of the desert, the flowers of the mart.

Beautiful flowers ! beautiful flowers !
Dark clouds may mantle the coming hours,
But I'll think of you ever, O beautiful flowers !

LINES TO HAZIE.

ONCE more my heart, dear Hazie,
Grows tremulous with song,
And music-waves are throbbing
Its tuneful chords along.
I feel their soft pulsations
Like the waving of a wing,
And I hear a sweet-voiced angel
Saying softly to me, "Sing."

So, while the stars, dear Hazie,
Are blossoming on high,
Like lilies of the valley
Transplanted to the sky,—
While busy Thought is straying
Along the bridge of dreams
That spans the moaning river
Of wild poetic themes,—

Here from my heart, dear Hazie,
I send thee greetings true,
And pray the sweet-voiced angel
May whisper them to you.
Think not that I've forgotten
Your token kindly cast*
On my pathway lone and lowly
In the early autumn past.

For in my heart, dear Hazie,
Will its memory ever dwell
In freshness and in beauty,
A pearl-light in its cell:
A "God speed" and a blessing
Was your sweet and tender lay,
And dear as love's caresses
'Twill be to me alway.

We have not met, dear Hazie,
And we may never meet
While Time's dark tide is rolling
Its billows at our feet.
In paths by duty guided
We may wander far and wide,
And only in our fancy
Sit by each other's side.

But if my words, dear Hazie,
Breathe a spirit true and warm,

* In allusion to a *poem* written and dedicated to me by Hazie, an unknown friend.

Oh, then believe me present,
 And forget the grosser form ;
 For the poet-soul, that worships
 The beautiful and good,
 Draws from all things created
 The life-sustaining food.

So when you find, dear Hazie,
 A timid, star-eyed flower,
 A daisy in the meadow,
 A violet in the bower,
 Then think of me as present,
 A sharer in your joy,
 Before which worldly pleasures
 Reveal their base alloy.

And when my soul, dear Hazie,
 Enjoys the sunset sky,
 Or views the white sail streaming
 From cloud-ships floating by,
 Then I'll think of you as with me
 In spirit and in love,
 E'en as we all are present
 To the Holy One above.

Some say I'm sad, dear Hazie,
 Some call me cold and proud ;
 But my heart is warm and joyous :
 They only see the cloud.
 For in my deepest sorrow
 Light always struggles through,

Till the visions of the morrow
Grow resplendent to my view.

And sweet to me, dear Hazie,
As the warbling of the birds,
Or the wave-songs of a streamlet,
Is the sound of loving words.
For such my spirit yearneth
As for its shining goal ;
And dear the heart that waketh
Their music in my soul.

Oh, call me, then, dear Hazie,
By the tender name of friend,
And let our lives and labors
To noble objects tend ;
And, as our hearts grow stronger,
And loftier our lays,
Let us lift to heaven our voices
And give to God the praise.

But we will not ask, dear Hazie,
For our spirits to be kept
From the chastening hand of sorrow ;
For we read that " Jesus wept ;"
And we know a bird that's blinded
By the keen and cruel dart
Sends a sweeter gush of music
From its weary, throbbing heart.

So we'll only ask, dear Hazie,
 For courage to endure
 All that our souls must suffer
 To make them bright and pure;
 Then, like the swan when dying,
 May our last song be our best,
 The anthem of a spirit
 That's passing to its rest.

LINES TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Thou hast a calm and cheerful face,
 A bright and laughing eye,
 And on thy fair and youthful brow
 The sunshine seems to lie.
 Thou hast a light and joyous heart,
 With love's sweet music filled,
 And songs that ripple through the air
 Tell when its chords are thrilled.
 Thou hast a merry ringing laugh,
 That fills the house with glee,
 And gladness seems a guest of thine,
 Wherever thou mayst be.
 Thy voice is like the singing-bird
 That warbles in the wood,
 And seems to say, from morn till eve,
 "God's works are ever good!"

Ah, who would dream my feet had pressed
The dull, bleak moors of life,
Or trod, with faltering steps and slow,
The dreary shores of strife?
None, none who look upon thee now
Would dream thou e'er hadst wept,
Or by the bed of suffering long
A mournful vigil kept.

And yet I've seen thy fair young head
In sorrow lowly bowed,
And sought in vain to make thee see
The bow amid the cloud.
I've heard thee sigh, I've seen thee weep
In anguish deep and wild,
And knew the smothered prayer was thine,
"God help the orphan child!"

I've heard thee say, in plaintive tones,
"The world is dark and cold:
It frowns upon the homeless ones,
And worships only gold!"
And then I've seen thee lay thy head
In weariness to rest,
And pine to place it once again
Upon a mother's breast.

The clouds were thick above thy head,
Thy heart was filled with fear,
When through the darkness came a voice
That whispered, "God is near!"

Then in thy soul a light was born,
 A feeble, quivering ray,
 That grew at last into a flame
 And chased the clouds away.

The storm was o'er, thy life grew calm
 As seems a summer's day,
 When every leaf or flower we see
 Throws sunshine on our way.
 Thy smiles grew brighter, and thy words
 A deeper meaning bore,
 As if thy lips had learned on earth
 To lisp the heavenly lore.

Since then, I've seen thee toil and wait,
 And mid life's bitter part
 Have heard thee bravely sing, "'Tis well!
 I bear a fearless heart."
 And it is well: such lofty trust
 Is needed here below,
 To teach our hearts that weal and woe
 From the same fountain flow.

Thus let us ever look, my friend,
 Upon life's sunny side,
 And bear a brave and cheerful heart
 Whatever may betide:
 The seeming ills o'er which we grieve
 May be but links of love
 By which the eternal Father's hand
 Would lift our souls above.

And through the shifting clouds and storms
That mark our devious ways,
Heaven's smiles may be around us still,
Though hidden from our gaze ;
And angel forms more bright may come
Across the bridge of showers,
And teach us, through sweet faith, to see
A better land than ours.

THE SHADOW-LAND.

Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question whether he was still in the land of the living :—" No, but I am almost there."

Oh, well may we say, as we pass along
Through the world of joy and sorrow,
That the land of the living, the land of song,
In its radiant glory lies far beyond !
And this is the Land of Shadows !

It may not be in our joyous youth,
When our hearts beat time to pleasure,
That our souls will wake to the solemn truth
Or thrill to its sadder measure ;
For bright are the shores of Time
When our life is in its prime,
And gayly we welcome each thought of the morrow,
And never dream
That its sunset beam
May fade in a cloud of sorrow.

Oh, no! not then do we learn the truth,
By the lips of Age outspoken,
That the land of the living, the land of Youth,
In its radiant glory lies far beyond!
And this is the Land of Shadows!

They rise before us so fair and bright,
And seem to us so real,
That we follow them on, and forget their light
Flows most from realms ideal.
They come and they pass away
Like the clouds of a summer day,
And other phantoms of hope are nigh,
Whose fire-fly lamp
Through the earthly damp
Seems hung in a cloudless sky!

Oh, fondly we cherish our dreams ideal!
Unheeding the solemn lesson
That the land of the living, the only real,
In its fadeless beauty lies far beyond,
And this is the Land of Shadows!

First Pleasure comes, with her siren spells,
And striking her harp of gladness;
We list till we learn from the answering swells
That its rhythmic song is sadness.
Alas! what fears arise
As the cheating phantom flies!

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And, oh, how the heart, with its solemn lore,
Spurning the earth,
With its hollow mirth,
Yearns for the "Better Shore!"

But, oh, not yet do we leave our toys,
Or feel in our inmost being
That the land of living, immortal joys
In its radiant glory lies far beyond,
And this is the Land of Shadows!

For Wealth and Fame, with a showy train,
A splendid crown may weave us;
And, caught by the glare, we are charmed again,
Till we find they too deceive us;
And then, as we see them pass,
We murmur, Alas! alas!
And a voice that wakes in our mournful breast
Sings, "What is fame
But an empty name
Won by the soul's unrest?"

But manhood, flushed with the wine of health,
Still turns from the needed lesson,
Nor learns that the land of unfading wealth,
In its radiant glory, lies far beyond,
And this is the Land of Shadows!

Next Love, with her wooing and winsome smiles
And shapes of ravishing beauty,
With glorious visions our heart beguiles,
Till we shrink from the path of duty;

And, led by her radiant star,
That glows in the zenith afar,
We follow the phantom that flits before,
Till down the stream
Of our golden dream
She glides, and is seen no more.

But, oh, not yet do we look above,
Or learn life's beautiful lesson,
That the land of the living, the Land of Love,
In its radiant glory lies far beyond,
And this is the Land of Shadows!

Not till our eyes grow dim with years,
And we stand at the gloomy portal
Where the soul is free from its earthly fears
And the human becomes immortal,—
Not till we hear the roar
Of the waves upon the shore
Whose throbbings tell of the infinite sea,—
While angels come
From their radiant home
To teach us the Truths of Eternity!—

Oh, not till then will our souls be blest,
Or rejoice in the beautiful lesson
That the land of the living, the Land of Rest,
In its fadeless glory lies far beyond,
And this is the Land of Shadows!

LINES ADDRESSED TO —.

Oh, pleasant to me is the voice of a friend
Whose thoughts and whose deeds unto harmony tend,
Whatever his station may be.

We're brothers and sisters,—all children of God,—
And, whether or not we have acres of sod,
We each can be happy and free.

We can speak a kind word, we can do a good deed,
And reap for our planting a harvest of seed ;
And that is the way to be free.

We can sing for the weary, can pray for the weak,
And jewels of Truth for humanity seek ;
And thus shall we happiness see.

For happiness springs from each labor of worth ;
And every good deed that we do upon earth
The angels above us can see.

When cheerful and patient, when loving and mild,
We turn to each task with the trust of a child,
Then the white-wingéd watchers are nigh.

They know every thought, every beautiful deed,
And their love taketh note of whatever we need,
And, lo ! ere we know it, 'tis nigh.

Sometimes it is pleasure, sometimes it is pain;

'Tis sunshine to-day, to-morrow 'tis rain:

'Tis best, whatever may come;

For God, on whose wisdom and bounty we call,

Embraces not one, but embraces us all,

In a love that is leading us home.

“THE LORD IS OUR SHEPHERD: WE NEVER
SHALL WANT.”

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO REV. A. PINNEY AND LADY.

LIFT up your heads, O ye children of sorrow!

Be not dismayed when the tempest is nigh;

Let Faith hang her bow o'er the sky of the morrow,

And peace will return ere the storm passes by.

Ay, joy and sweet peace will descend on your spirits,

And rest there in beauty, as dew on the sod,

Till bright bloom the flowers that each being inherits

Whose heart has been blessed by the sunshine of
God.

Meet with calm trust every trial and danger;

Learn ye the song that the true-hearted chant:—

Though we tread the rough paths of the pilgrim
and stranger,

“The Lord is our Shepherd: we never shall want.”

Be firm and unmoved as the pillars of Zion !

And fear not the clouds nor the terror by night ;
Let faith in your soul, like a beautiful scion,

Cling fast to the Vine, and grow up to the light.
Oh, hang not your harps on the low-drooping willow,
And tarry not long by life's river to weep,

But fearlessly welcome the vale or the billow ;

For God is our Guide on the land or the deep.

Oh, tune not your hearts to the rhythm of sadness,
Though your treasures on earth be but humble or
scant :

Still, still let your souls sing, in anthems of gladness,
"The Lord is our Shepherd: we never shall want."

Bright, bright are your crowns, O ye martyrs of
Freedom,

Now bearing your burden to Calvary's hill:
Look up and rejoice, for rich jewels of wisdom
Are born of each drop that your sorrows distil.

Look up, and rejoice in the beautiful story
As sung by the bards and the prophets of old ;
And, rough though the path to the summit of glory,
You'll find it hath treasures more precious than
gold.

Be cheerful and patient mid trials and danger,
And deem not the blessings of Heaven are scant:
Though ye dwell in the tents of the pilgrim and
stranger,

The Lord is your Shepherd: ye never shall want.

When over us roll the deep waters of sadness,
Oh, then, if we meekly look upward and pray,
Voices of love from the rivers of gladness
Will answer us back with a soul-cheering lay.
Oh, then, let us wake from our sorrowful slumbers,
And still the deep chords that are thrilling to pain,
Or bid them respond to those musical numbers,
Till faith o'er the flesh is triumphant again ;
And then, when the world groweth darksome and dreary,
Though friends should desert us, or pleasures be scant,
We will sing, though our hearts may be wounded and weary,
"The Lord is our Shepherd: we never shall want."

Should death the dear chords of affection dis sever
And bear the sweet flowers of our love to the tomb,
Let us grieve not as those who are parted forever ;
For fresh in our hearts will their memory bloom,
And down from the bowers where the spirit reposes
When first it is freed from the fetters of earth,
Will glide the sweet songs that their rapture discloses,
And fall on our ears like the music of mirth.
Then lift up your heads, O ye children of sorrow,
And list to the hymn that the brave-hearted chant:
Though dark lower the clouds o'er the sky of the morrow,
"The Lord is our Shepherd: we never shall want."

FLOWERS.

THOUGHTS of the blushing earth,
Which wake in answer to the voice of Spring,
How leaps the soul of Mirth
In joyance at your birth !
Spreading the golden plumage of her wings,
With what delight she sings,
Warbling sweet lullabies to Grief and Care,
And waking all things fair !
She tunes the harp-strings of the wandering air,
And calls sweet Music from her heavenly cells,
To breathe o'er silver chords her holiest spells.

How blessed are your beams,
O eloquent teachers of a Father's love !
Like light amid my dreams,
Your mingled radiance streams,
Wooing me on, amid the whispering groves,
Where coo the turtle-doves ;
With angel smiles ye're tracking all my way,
And in the house of Day,
Like timid stars which form the Milky Way,
Ye stand in close array,
Flinging love-glances through the dusky wood,
To show the graces of the sisterhood.

Joy seeks again my heart,
And Sorrow lifts her black plumes from my soul ;
The sullen storms depart,
And hoary Winter, with his tattered stole,
Has glided to his goal.
The beautiful have come: they wake, they rise ;
Spring odors greet the skies ;
The gentle flowers uncloseth their starry eyes,
And o'er the sunny hills,
Along the laughing rills,
A veil of glory tremblingly descends,
That all earth's shadows into brightness blends.

O beautiful, bright flowers !
Ye oracles of God, whose living breath
Hallows the woodland bowers,
Born of the sun and showers,
Ye have deep lessons written on your leaves,
That whosoever grieves
May turn from earth and learn the lore of heaven ;
To you, to you 'tis given,
When weary souls o'er gloomy wastes are driven,
To waft your perfume on the desert air,
That man may learn the still small voice of prayer.

Your orisons are pure,
Your garments modest, and your lovely forms
All gentle minds allure :
In quiet vales, along the forest-aisles,
Linger your happy smiles ;
And sweet it is your sunny halls to tread,
And, by your mossy bed,

Count the light footfalls of the gliding hours,
Till Eve, with dewy showers,
Her silver veil and starry curtain lowers,
And queenly Cynthia to her throne restores.

Oh, blest the human heart
To whom the flowers no dark reproaches bear,—
No memory of a dart,
Or rankling poison-smart!
And blessed those who, kneeling on the sod
By these pure works of God,
Can hear the stirring of celestial strings
O'erswept by angel wings,
Yet feel their souls within grow calm and strong,
And from the harps of song
Such answering strains and heavenly numbers call
As prove their lives in harmony with all.

O beautiful, bright flowers!
The winged seeds in autumn, rudely tossed,
Found here the sheltering bowers:
May we at last find ours!
And, oh, like you, may every hour display
Some new and brightening ray,
That, dying, *we* may sanctify the place
And dwellings of our race,
And send through distant years the glorious trace
Of Faith triumphant, Truth and Virtue blest,—
The earth-born entering at the gates of rest.

THE LOVE-DREAM.

SUGGESTED BY A PAINTING OF A YOUNG GIRL SEATED, IN
A PENSIVE ATTITUDE, AT AN OPEN WINDOW, LOOKING
OUT UPON A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET.

O MAID of the pensive and downcast eye,
Why turns thy gaze from the sunset sky?
Why the shaded brow and that mournful air,
Or white arms fallen in mute despair?
Why art thou pining, and why, oh, why
Should thy red lips part with a rising sigh?
When Beauty wakes in the glowing west
And greets the earth like a royal guest,—
When the golden glories of evening rest
On our planet's brow and her dewy breast,—
When the waning light, like a rill of fire,
Is slowly creeping up hill and spire,—
When clouds in their sunset splendor burn,—
Oh, why should thy eye from the brightness turn?
And why should thy spirit in scorn refuse
The bliss that comes with all lovely hues,
Or shun the river of pleasant dreams,
Whose waves are songs, or artistic themes?
When the soft air thrills with the mellow chime
Of sounds that seem in their flow to rhyme,—
When the distant hills have a dreamy look,
And soft is the murmur of fount and brook,—

When the voice of a tremulous lay upsprings
From groves where the lonely cicada sings,—
When thought in a musical cadence floats
With a thrill of joy like a song-bird's notes,
When vesper hymns unto heaven aspire,
And wild winds waken their linden lyre,—
When beauty and song are the world's bright dower,
Oh, why shouldst thou pine at the sunset hour?
Warm on thy cheek is the glow of youth;
In thy breast still whiten the flowers of truth;
And I see no frosts of untimely care
In the ripples soft of thy dark brown hair.
Thou art veiled as in light by the nameless grace
Of the budding form and the girlish face,
And the beautiful pinions of pleasure seem spread,
Like a banner of hope, o'er thy innocent head.
Thou canst not have heard the wild tumult of cares
That weave o'er the heart their insidious snares;
Thy feet have not traversed the desolate moor
Where wind the rough paths of the shivering poor;
Thine is a stately and pillared hall,
Where music and mirth on the spirit call,
And where the flight of the swift-winged hours
Seems but the treading of light on flowers.
Thou hast beauty, and youth, and a golden dower;
Oh, why shouldst thou pine at the sunset hour?
Ah, gentle maid, there are spells that lie
In the shaded depths of thy downcast eye,
That seem from thy passionate heart to bring
A wild response to my questioning.

Thou hast watched for the coming of one whose
smile

Was the pearl lamp lighting thy spirit-isle
Through its groves of thought and the solemn shade
By faith and the loftiest feelings made.

Along the shores of the joyous streams
Where Hope sits weaving her golden dreams,
And down where the sirens of passion sing
And the Eden-blossoms of love upspring,
Softly, serenely its brightness shone,

Till the treasure-cells of the heart were won,
And over the sky of thy soul afar

Circled in triumph Love's Morning Star!

And thou hast worshipped: ah! gentle maid,

All thy trust on that star was stayed.

Thou hast loved! and the hope of thy guileless
breast

Wore the sweet form of an angel guest,

Whose lightest words in thy soul's deep grots

Were wreathed into lovely forget-me-nots.

Thou hast loved! but—alas for the wasted urn

To which the sweet waters no more return!—

Thy heart's lone worship, thy solemn trust,

Must fade like garlands when trailed in dust.

Thou hast watched alone through the trysting-hour;

There are sounds of mirth in another's bower,

And smiles and glances that once were thine

Are the votive gifts at a rival shrine.

Thou wilt thrill no more to their light and power:

Ah! well mayst thou pine at the sunset hour;

For what is *their* hope but a broken spar,
Who have watched the waning of Love's bright star?
Ah! fairer to thee were the spells that meet
In the changing hues of a love-dream sweet,
Than cloud-wreaths flung by a seraph hand
O'er the golden gates of the sunset land,
And dearer far to thy woman's heart
Than the loftiest visions or themes of Art!
What marvel, then, that thy eye should turn
From skies where the splendors of evening burn,
To linger in sadness and fond regret
Where a brighter orb in thy soul hath set?
Ah! well may the spirit with grief be tost
That mourns for Love's beautiful Pleiad lost!

LIFE IS IN THE WORLD.

"MOTHER, angel mother!
Come and watch beside my bed;
Let me feel the gentle pressure
Of thy hand upon my head!
Come and fold thy arms about me,
As in the days of old;
For my heart is sad and fearful,
And the world is dark and cold.

“ Mother, angel mother !

 Come and soothe me till I sleep ;
Let me feel your love about me,
 And my heart will cease to weep.
Come and sing the songs you taught me
 In the happy days of yore,
With the lullabies you chanted :
 Sing them all to me once more.

“ ’Tis long since we were parted,
 And I’ve wandered far and wide,
Ever pining for thy presence
 And thy loving hand to guide.
Mother, angel mother !

 In the fading sunset-gleams
Come and whisper to me softly
 Through the golden gate of dreams.

“ I am weary,—oh, how weary !
 And my spirit yearns for rest ;
Come and fold thy arms about me,
 Let me sleep upon thy breast.
Come and kiss me ere I slumber,
 O dearest mother, come,
And wake once more the vision
 Of my childhood’s happy home.

“ Ah ! well do I remember
 That soft and sunny nest,
The cottage in the valley,
 Where I slept upon thy breast.

Ah me ! there is no palace,
Or stately mansion old,
That was ever half so pleasant
As ' the cottage by the wold.'

" There I frolicked with my brothers,
With my little sister played,
Till the angels called her from us :
Then I wondered where she stayed.
For I had not learned the lesson
That later years unfurled
Like a sable banner o'er me,
' That Death is in the world.'

" For life was all about me,
And Love, the deep and strong,
Held me fast in her embraces
And charmed me with her song.
In the summer-time I wandered
Through the meadows, by the floods,
And in the hazy autumn
Went a-nutting in the woods.

" Thus my childhood years flowed onward,
Beating time to joy and mirth,
Whose music waked no echo
Save the harmonies of earth,—
Till one day a sable banner
O'er our cottage was unfurled,
And I learned the mournful lesson
' That Death was in the world.'

“For I saw thee borne, dear mother,
In stillness from our door,
And heard it said, in sadness,
‘She will come to us no more.’
Then a great grief shook my spirit,
As winds the mountain-pine,
And I murmured, in my anguish,
‘Oh, would thy grave were mine!’

“Since then in grief I’ve wandered
O’er the fair and lovely earth,
Ever sighing for thy presence
And the music-tones of mirth.
Mother, angel mother!
Mid the fading sunset-gleams
Come and whisper to me softly
Through the golden gate of dreams.”

Thus prayed a lonely orphan
Mid the stillness of the night,—
When, lo! a blissful vision
Dawned in beauty on her sight.
Through the open portals gliding
Came a soft and silvery light,
And mid the wavering brightness
Stood her mother, robed in white.

On her brow were fairest garlands,
On her bosom glowed a star,
Whose love-light warm and steady
Through the chamber shone afar.

Then o'er the lonely orphan
A holy calmness stole,
And the dove of peace, returning,
Found a nest within her soul;

While the angel-mother, bending
On her child a look of love,
Smiled fondly, and then pointed
To a land of light above.

“Mother, angel mother——”
The weary orphan cried ;
Yet ere the words were spoken
The vision left her side.

Yet the memory of it, lingering
In her lonely heart, became
A star of hope, whose brightness
Beamed with a steady flame,
And lighted up the darkness
That gathered on her way,
And gave each cloud of sorrow
A soft and silvery ray.

Then peace above her spirit
Like a banner was unfurled,
And with joy her heart repeated,
“Life, Life is in the world !
Life, Life,—not Death,—is victor
When the spirit quits the clay !”
Thus sings the lonely orphan
In gladness every day.

Life, life divine is thrilling
All the pulses of the earth!
Lo! it changes but to brighten,
And Death is but a birth,—
A casting off of garments
Made to be thrown away,—
A flitting from a dwelling
That's crumbling to decay.

'Tis a rest, a joyous transit,—
This change that we call death;
Then why should we seek to flee it,
Or fear its chilling breath?
'Tis rising like the eagle
When it soars toward the sun;
'Tis the spirit flitting homeward
When its earthly task is done.

Henceforth I'll sing, with gladness,
"Death was, but is no more!"
While my heart takes up the music
Of childhood's happy lore.
For life is all about me,
And Love, the deep and strong,
Holds me fast in her embraces
And soothes me with her song,
While with joy my heart is singing,
'Neath the banner Love unfurled.
Lo! Death hath fled to darkness,
And LIFE is in the world.

LINES WRITTEN ON RECEIVING THE PORTRAIT
OF A SISTER,

AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO HER.

"We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years;
We have shared each other's pleasures
And wept each other's tears."

THERE'S a charm in thy shadow, a spell, and a power,
That call back the sweetness of youth's withered
flower.

Though its leaves were all blighted and blasted by
time,

I behold them again in the hue of their prime,
And I need but to look on thy image to see
Life's sunshine and shadow reflected in thee.—
Its sunshine the light from the fountain of youth,
That lived in thy smiles and thy lessons of truth,
Its shadow the feeling of sadness, the spell
That came o'er my soul when I bade thee farewell.
Ah! dear are the pleasures thy presence imparts
As the wealth that is hid in the truest of hearts;
Then deem me not foolish, when sorrows betide,
If I sing, "I'm not fearful, with God for my guide,
And a true-hearted sister to stand by my side;"
For I dream, as I gaze on thy shadowy form,
That a sunbeam has looked through the gloom of
the storm,

And the visions of joy that are greeting me now
Are bright with the rays that encircle thy brow.
Oh, blest are the visions of youth that return
With the flower that is blooming in Memory's urn !
Though its leaves were all scattered, and broken the
shrine,

One charm could restore them,—'tis thine, it is thine !
Now I dream of the past, and, with fancy retraced,
There is light in the desert, a bloom on the waste,
And the iris is spanning with beauty the sky
That bends o'er the isle where my treasures still lie.
Bright isle of the past ! thou wilt ne'er be forgot
While the thoughts of a sister are linked to the spot :
For over the places once hallowed by love
Brood the pinions of Song, like the wings of a dove.
Then chide me not, sister, for loving to dwell
On the scenes of my childhood : oh, break not the
spell

That comes o'er my soul as a wave o'er the sea,
With a musical power, when I'm thinking of thee.
Though the stars of my life rose in darkness and
gloom,

And sad was the message THRICE borne from the
tomb,

Yet I knew that while living, though ill should betide,
I'd a true-hearted sister to stand by my side,
With Right for her motto, and God for her guide.
Then think not, my sister, thy image can bring
Aught else but delight, though a shadowy thing ;
For thine is the spirit that, guiding me on,
First touched the deep chords that awaked me to song.

And held o'er my being that gentle control
Which stirred the sweet fountains that sing in my
soul.

Now daily I bless thee in labor and song;
I bless thee in words that are fervent and strong;
I bless thee for counsel, and love that once fell
On the wastes of my heart with a life-giving spell;
I bless thee for lessons of beauty and worth,
For courage to meet every trial of earth,
For the flowers that are wreathing my spirit in mirth.
And the joy-light that gladdens our hearts and our
hearth.

I bless thee, my sister, and, near or afar,
I turn to thee fondly, as Love to its star;
I bless thee for words that such hope could inspire
As taught me to worship the harp and the lyre;
And I dream, as I gaze on thy shadowy form,
That a sunbeam has smiled through the gloom of
life's storm, [tide,
And I know that while living, though ills may be-
I've a true-hearted sister to stand by my side,
With Right for her motto, and God for her guide.

THE ANCIENT PINE.

It stands above an ancient rock,
A dark, majestic Pine,
That seems amid the tempest's shock
A voiceful spirit-shrine.

The tones that in soft breezes dwell
Have played amid its boughs,
And lingered in their hollow cells,
Like the whispering of sweet vows,—
Like the whispering of sweet vows at eve,
When loving hearts o'erflow,
And dreams their fairy-garlands weave
O'er all the scene below.
It stands alone, a tall, dark form,
A giant wrestler with the storm!
A hundred years that tree hath seen,
And still it towers on high,
And through its coronal of green
Looks upward to the sky.

A hundred years! a hundred years
Hath it watched the day's return,
And hid in a thousand cells the tears
That have dropped from the starry urn!
A hundred years hath the bright sunlight
To the heart of that Pine-Tree crept,
And the wavering beams of the "noon of night"
On its sweeping branches slept!
A hundred years have the quick winds hung
Their harps upon its spray,
Till the leaves have each a voiceless tongue,
That 'plains or sings alway.
It hath a voice and a mournful tone
Fearfully wild as a wizard groan,

And its sigh, when the rising gale hath passed,
Through its branches reaching low,
Hath sounded on in the rushing blast
Like the very wail of woe.

It stands, the Genius of the flood
Whose waves beside it flow,
The relic of an ancient wood
That hath fallen long ago.
Tall, dark, and green, thou lordly Pine,
Proud monarch of the shore,
Kings have no richer crown than thine
That the sunlight floateth o'er.
There is a mystery in the spells
Thy wild susurrus wakes:
A pathos in thy music dwells,
That all my spirit shakes.
Thou art no cumberer of the sod,
Thou voiceful witness of our God!
The glories that His love unfolds
Like a veil are round thee cast,
And thou guardest in thy secret holds
The records of the Past.

Strange voices fill thy hollow chest,
That, in their rising swell,
Like the breathing of a burdened breast,
Of change and marvels tell.
I seem to see thee when thy form
Was *not* as it is now,

The scarréd veteran of the storm
That hath centred on thy brow.
An echo of thy youth returns,
And the music of thy prime,
And I see thee when thy bright-green urns
Held not the lees of time.
Thou wert then a lisping, breezy Pine,
And not, as now, a *mournful* shrine !
Thou hast grown old, and frosts have lain
On thy massive and gnarled arms,
And snow and hail, and the sifting rain,
Have rifled thy early charms.

Dark mosses cluster round thy base,
And lichens old and gray
Find on thy trunk a resting-place
And mantle thy decay.
The eagle on thy topmost bough
Hath rested from his flight,
And the boding owl her solemn vow
Hath uttered there at night.
Rude carvings on thy aged side
Call back the scenes of yore,
When thou wast the Indian hunter's guide
In his wanderings on the shore,
When the chief came, and the dusky maid,
To linger in thy calm, sweet shade :
With the voices of the starry hours,
With the cooing of the doves,
Like the breathing of young spirit-flowers,
They mingled here their loves.

Thou hast seen that noble race depart
From their own, their native hills,
And I marvel not thy secret heart
With a mournful music thrills.
They have left their old familiar haunts
Along the brook's green side,
And the war-cry and their funeral chants
With their songs of mirth have died.
No more beneath thy spreading shade
Will their dark-eyed children play,
Or, in hammocks by their mothers made,
To the singing breezes sway.
What marvel, O thou voiceful Pine,
That thou art now a mournful shrine?
Hast thou not won from grief thy moan
And the mystery of thy spells,
Waking a startling undertone
Unto passionate farewells?

Thou hast! thou hast! This grief is thine,—
That thou alone must stand,
The last of many a kingly line
That have perished from the land.
Thou seest no more the startled deer
Go bounding o'er the lawn;
No more from shady covert near
Steals forth the timid fawn;
The warrior in his birch canoe,
Moved by the dripping oar,

No longer cleaves the waters blue,
To listen to thy lore.
The red man and the deer have gone
A journey toward the setting sun,
And near thee, in a valley green,
The white man's cottage stands,
And his cities and his homes are seen
O'er all the pleasant lands.

He hath been here ; but awe hath crept
Into the spoiler's heart ;
For a voice that from thy branches swept
Seemed bidding him depart.
And the scorner of poetic themes,
Of the beautiful, the dear,
Turned from his philosophic schemes,
Becomes a dreamer here.
A charm is in thee, ancient Tree,
From the strength of many years ;
And the music that has haunted thee
Is subduing me to tears.
A Mentor in the path of life,
Thou art warning me of coming strife !
Heaven shield thee from the lightning's dart
And the wrecking midnight storm !
For a glory and a guide thou art,
O wild, majestic form !

Thou hast a green old age, and long
Its freshness may endure,

And many from the busy throng
Will thy quiet shadows lure.
The stranger to thy shade will stray,
To listen to thy tones,
And village children come to play
With thy hard and russet cones.
Thou shalt be guarded in the light
By the eyes of human love,
And held a sacred thing by night
For the stars to shine above.
And oft, as in the summer eves
We hear the rustling of thy leaves,
We'll bless within our hearts our God
For this high, solemn shrine,
For the waving glory of the sod,
The strength of the Ancient Pine!

SONG OF A POET HEART IN DESPONDENCY.

I've a mournful heart to-day, my love,
A very mournful heart,
And the sky hangs dark above me, love,
And the blessed dreams depart. Ah me!
My brightest dreams depart!
Is it dark to you? Is the earth all dark?
Then come to me, my love,
And tell me if yet there's a place of rest
For the weary, stricken dove! Alas
That I should be that dove!

I'm sitting beside Life's rushing stream,
That solemn, mysterious tide ;
I'm sitting still, for the light is gone,
And I see no hand to guide. O God !
I thought Thou wast my guide.

I've broken the strings of my harp, my love,
Those low, sweet-breathing strings ;
And the soul of Song that their music waked
By the river of Sadness sings. Alone
By that mournful stream she sings.

I hear not the lays of my sunny youth,
Or the tones that were mine of yore :
They have passed with joy to a far-off land,
From a dark and changing shore. They are gone,
And I weep by the lonely shore.

Was it all a phantom of hope, my love,
That vision which seemed so fair,
That loomed afar o'er the sea of Life,
Like a star on the sea of air? Ah me !
It floated away in air !

In youth it beckoned me on, my love,
To a glorious, shining track,
Where I sang and soared, till I thought no power
Could frighten or woo me back. Alas !
How have I wandered back !

'Twas joyous to sweep through the fields of light
On the pinions of Hope and Song,

And tune my harp to the hymns of Night,
Or float with the spheres along. But now
All hushed are the chords of Song.

I dreamed I saw where the brightening goal
Shone out o'er the flowery heights,
And gleaming afar o'er my upward track
Were a thousand beacon-lights. But, oh !
Where now are the beacon-lights ?

Lost, lost to me ! I am weary-worn ;
Far off is the shining goal ;
And the glorious summit of Fame but mocks
The dreams of my weary soul, and shuts
All light from my yearning soul.

Doubt, grisly porter of wild Despair,
Comes dismally croaking by ;
And, stained by the dew of his Upas-breath,
My soul's best blossoms die. Alas !
All their rich beauties die.

I view far above me the dazzling heights,
Smiling out o'er the realms of gloom,
Where the beautiful wreaths of the Poet wave
With flowers of immortal bloom. Ah me !
What pleasure to see them bloom !

But the ladder that leads to those glorious Alps
Must be strangely and cunningly wrought :

Its frame and each round must be studded with
 gems,
To shine in the kingdoms of thought. Too slight
 Are the delicate tissues of thought.

The impulse, the purpose, of life's early morn,
 When I yearned for the fountains of Song,
Lives yet in its freshness, the dream of my soul;
 But the pathway is weary and long. I faint
 On a journey too weary and long.

The glorified spirits of Hope and of Love
 Would whisper me, "Courage!" again;
But I falter and sink when I'm trying to soar,
 And Doubt mutters near me, "In vain!" Oh, woe
 To the heart that once echoes, "In vain!"

The flowers, the flowers of my youth are gone,
 And the angels that were my guide;
And I sit alone on the solemn shore,
 By the rushing and moaning tide. Alone
 By the sweeping, mysterious tide.

And so I've a mournful heart, my love,
 A very mournful heart;
For the sky hangs dark above me, love,
 And the blessed dreams depart. Ah me!
 That they should e'er depart!

A RESPONSE TO THE POET HEART.

WHY so soon repining?
 Timid heart, be strong;
 See, the sun is shining,
 Wake the harp of song.

Let its tuneful numbers
 Greet the joyous earth,
 Rouse from Sorrow's slumbers
 All the chords of mirth.

Let them thrill with gladness
 All thy being through,
 Drinking up thy sadness,
 As the sun the dew.

Ah! if you believe it,
 "God is ever good!"
 Why with trembling spirit
 Fear the storm or flood?

Clouds that hang about you,
 Storms that shake the land,
 Like the sunshine o'er you,
 Issue from *His* hand.

Why, then, in thy blindness,
 Doubt the Father's love?
 Who only smites in kindness,
 Thy strength of faith to prove.

Why, oh, why so fearful
Glides your spirit-bark?
Why with eyes so tearful
Peer out through the dark?
Angel hosts about you,
A trusting heart within,
Shall break the clouds above you
And let the sunshine in.
Oh, then, trust forever
The loving Father's care,
And every chain dis sever
That binds thee to despair.
Awake, and let the fountains
Of love and song have way ;
Behold upon the mountains
The HERALDS OF THE DAY.

GENEVRA.*

PART I.

SHE stands before me, calm and bright,
A wanderer from her native skies,
As fair as when the morn's pure light
First tracked her way with amber dyes.

* The above poem was suggested to the author on seeing a beautiful marble bust of GENEVRA, executed by Hiram Powers. The story of Geneva's melancholy death is doubtless familiar to most readers.

A form bequeathed to other years,
She walks the antique halls of time,
And in her radiant youth appears
A spirit of the Orient clime.

And, as I gaze upon her now,
I see no more the cold, pale stone,
But dream that 'neath the marble's glow
A heart lies throbbing like my own;
And from her lips, so finely wrought,
The fragrant life-breath comes and goes,
And the pure gleam of heavenly thought
Mysterious o'er her features flows.

And Fancy, roused at her command,
Bends gayly o'er life's ancient streams,
Till 'cross the waves her smiles expand
Into the golden bridge of dreams,
Whence, floating down from arch to arch,
I see a shining band draw nigh,
And, joining in their mystic march,
I greet Italia's burning sky!

When, lo! a waving, shadowy hand
Seems pointing to the halls of eld,—
The old and stately homes that stand
On shores her sunny eyes beheld;
And, glancing through their dusky aisles,
I see a gay and princely train
Sweeping along in serried files,
To win at length the sacred fane.

And sweet as strains that thrill the air
When Music strikes her joyous shells,
On the light breeze that murmured there
Wakes the soft sound of marriage-bells.
And then appears, in all her pride,
The peerless star of Beauty's throng,
And bright forms gathered at her side
Thus weave for her a bridal song:—

SONG.

She comes in her beauty,
Pearls wreathing her hair:
No maid at the altar
Was ever more fair.

The smiles of the sunbeams
Have slept in her eyes,
Till softly they mirror
The hue of the skies.

Where her foot lightly resteth,
Gay blossoms bend down,
And the sky of her future
Wears never a frown.

Ere the sun of to-morrow
Leaps up from his cave,
Ere the hem of his mantle
Sinks down in the wave,—

Ere the star of the evening
Is seen in the west,
Her heart shall be wedded,
Her spirit at rest.

At the pure shrine of Eros
Is lighted the torch :
His smiles never weary,
His flames never scorch.

She comes, a young Hebe,
With footsteps of pride:
Let the heart that adores her
Now welcome his Bride.

PART II.

The soft sounds cease ; the gay procession moves,
Then fades away as dies the last low note ;
And Fancy now, o'er waves where sadness roves,
Glides slowly onward in an ebon boat.

Night shades Genevra's home, and lights are stream-
ing

From turret-windows over bannered walls ;
Of Hope and Mirth, is this the joy-ray gleaming
For feast and revel in her father's halls ?

No, not o'er pleasure is the torch-glare shed ;
Grim Sorrow trails her black robes through the
throng :

The splendid pageant of the morn is dead,
Hushed the sweet laughter, the exulting song ;

And anxious groups, with lowering brows, are tread-
ing

In trembling haste, the tessellated floors,
While pale, bright maids, with noiseless steps, are
threading,

In fruitless search, the long, dark corridors.

"Oh, where, where is she?" with a smothered sigh,
Is breathed from parted lips, all white with fear,
While wild amazement gleams from every eye,
And keen suspense keeps back the half-formed tear.

She comes not! She, the beautiful, the Bride,
From the young triumph of her love is gone!
And hearts that blessed and made her all their pride
Grow sick with grief,—and time moves slowly on.

At morn she comes not! weeks and months go by,
Weaving their light threads in the woof of time,
But never more her slight form, floating nigh,
Dawns on her lover's sight in her sweet prime.

And, lingering there in the still evening shades,
Beside those moated towers, grown old and gray,
Striking their mournful harps, sit lovely maids,
Who chant for her a melancholy lay:—

LAY.

We mourn the fair Genevra! She has fled;
Her soft eye lights no more her father's hall,

But Grief sits there and weaves her raven pall,
And the dark night comes down—

Since she has fled!

Where stays she? None can tell! If she be dead,
No friendly tear falls on her resting-place:
She went away and left no line or trace:
Her fate is mystery,

Since she has fled!

Ye lovely blossoms, be your odors shed
No more in sweetness through her lonely bower,
But fade away, and veil your heavenly dower;
We have no need of you,

Since she has fled!

Ye greenwood aisles, which echoed to her tread,
Oh, let the sunlight visit you no more!
Strew with dead leaves and flowers your vernal floor,
And let cold winter come;

For she has fled!

And thou, poor heart, to whom bright hopes were wed,
When first thine eye looked on her waving hair,
Bow in thy manly grief, and clasp despair;
For she, the beautiful,

Thy Bride, hath fled!

As die the last notes of that solemn strain,
Thought travels down the steps of many years,
And views the mouldering ruins that remain
Of walls that echoed once to human hopes and fears.

Dark shadows mantle now Geneva's home ;
In hopeless grief her parents passed away ;
And the cold eyes of restless strangers roam
O'er the dark mouldering pile, the spoil of old decay.

From room to room they pass, and the quick stroke
Of axe and mattock echoes strangely there,
And drowsy owlets, from their slumbers woke,
Back to their ancient wood wheel slowly through
the air.

And in a storied chamber, vast and dim,
In speechless wonder stand a trembling crowd
Around an open chest, that holds within
A ghastly form, wrapped in a strange, white shroud.

Oh, world of marvels ! deep and dark and strong
Are the high powers that make or mar our doom ;
But no more fearful springs to fate belong
Than the rude one that shut Geneva's tomb !

She slumbered there, the beautiful, the Bride,
All the fair loveliness of life decayed :
In woe, in agony, alone, she died,
And the dear eyes of love ne'er saw where she was
laid.

PART III.

Time travelled on ! To peaceful Arno's side,
Building up lofty dreams, a Sculptor came ;
And through his spirit-chambers evermore
Hope shone afar, like a pale Pharos flame.

In that bright clime, where streams of silvery song
Flow in soft ripples to the earnest heart,
Near her lone shrines, her ruined homes among,
Rising at his approach, thus sang sweet Mother-Art:

SONG

O soul of the Sculptor,
From realms of the past,
To walk with thy future,
I greet thee at last!
Come enter my temples,
Bend low at their shrine:
New embers are lighted;
The spark is divine.
Be clothed in my brightness;
Turn hither thine eye;
Behold in my image
Thy own "Adon-Ai!"*
Grasp firmly the chisel
And shape the rough stone,
Till the soul-light of life
O'er the pulseless is thrown:
Let the form of the human
Arise from the clay
In visions of beauty
That never decay.

* Adon-Ai,—a spiritual character in Bulwer's "Zanoni," who is represented as having mysterious powers of control over the hero of the story. I have placed Art in the same relation to the Sculptor: hence the use of the name Adon-Ai.

To the aid of thy genius
My spirit is nigh :
Behold me in brightness,
Thy own "Adon-Ai!"

Let the visions of beauty
That dawn on thy soul
Flow into the marble,
As thought to its goal.
And far o'er the ocean
Shall echo thy fame,
And the heart of thy country
Be proud of thy name.
I hail thee with gladness ;
Thy triumph is nigh :
Behold me in brightness,
Thy own "Adon-Ai!"

Now mute, but waving still her hand,
Fair Art smiled through the twilight gloom,
And lovely shapes at her command
Went floating through the Sculptor's room.

And first and fairest of them all
Genevra led the star-bright train,
And lingered there till on the wall
The brightening morn-ray crept again.

And then the mastering thought was won ;
The Sculptor bent him to his toil ;
And oft the swift-returning sun
Beheld him mid its heat and soil,

Till before him in her brightness,
Crowned with beauteous womanhood,
In the marble's pearly whiteness,
She, the radiant maiden, stood!

And as some spirit shut from sight,
Or hermit dweller in his cell,
Dreams of the glittering orbs of night,
And feels within their holy spell,

Thus now, beside his finished task,
The Artist's vision roamed afar,
Letting his high ambition bask
Beneath his country's rising star.

Then to our shores, with greetings sent,
The Bride of mournful memories came,
And the fond eyes now on her bent
Are those that gleam with friendship's flame.

And as within that earnest soul,
Where beauty sheds her purest beams,
Her fleeting shadow softly stole,
And waked him to sublimest themes,—

E'en thus her image here imparts
Strength and new pinions to the mind,
Till from this lower plane it starts
To the star-realms of joy refined.

While dwelling on her mournful fate,
Mysterious seemed life's lengthening chain ;

But, turning to her present state,
 I see the golden links grow plain.

The doom to which our watchful fears
 Too often give the saddest name
 May light for us in after-years
 The naphtha lamp of deathless fame.

This "Balm of Souls," O lovely Art,
 This is thy high, o'ermastering sway:
 Up from the dust thy children start,
 And soul-beams tremble o'er the clay.

And those who worship at thy shrine
 Feel most where pure enjoyment lies:
 They track the steps of the Divine,
 And catch a glimpse of Paradise!

SPRING.

SPRING with her light hath come again,
 And o'er the hills, along the plain,
 I hear her soft, melodious strain
 Float joyous o'er the earth.

On winds astir sweet odors rise,
 And sunshine drapes the bending skies,
 And time on rosy pinions flies,
 O'erladen oft with mirth.

The stream that winds around the hill
Hath caught her wild ecstatic trill,
And all the woodland arches thrill
 With Music's rapturous birth.

Once more the bee's enlivening hum
Wakes with the woodcock's lonely drum,
And oft in silvery echoes come
 The choral songs of love.

Again the zephyr's hymn is heard,
With warblings of the wild-wood bird,
And lispings as if leaves were stirred
 In shady copse and grove.

Rich with their sounds the breeze goes by,
And, if a cloud drifts up the sky,
In smiles the boding vapors fly,
 Or bring but grateful showers.

Sweet tears ! how love I e'en their fall,
As, pattering on the roof and wall,
They seem on viewless sprites to call
 To dress the vernal bowers.

And, oh ! how bright the leaves return,
And how my thoughts within me burn,
As wrapped in many an emerald urn
 I mark the opening flowers !

Sweet flowers ! how numerous are their spells !
What stainless beauty round us dwells,
When brightly through the greenwood dells
 Awake the star-eyed throng !

And how like gentle friends they seem,
As, wandering by the murmuring stream,
I watch their waving forms, and dream
 No more of grief or wrong!

When Day's first smile upon them rests,
And dew-pearls deck their nodding crests,
The light that glows upon their breasts
 Of truth and hope seems born.

And, gazing on them then, my soul
Sees in each leaf a lettered scroll,
On which the thoughts of God outroll,
 To bless the vernal morn.

O maiden Spring! how blithe the hours
That welcome to the sylvan bowers
Thy nuptial train of smiles and showers
 That sweeps with joy along!

It is as if some angel-guest
Had sought in Nature's arms to rest,
And left upon her gentle breast
 Her wealth of love and song.

APRIL.

With sky-blue eyes and kirtle green,
And light foot tripping o'er the grass,
I saw a rosy maiden coming;
And every step and every glance
 Declared she was a haughty lass.

She came, she came: the forest-aisles
Were radiant with her happy smiles;
And down the hill-side, o'er the lea,
She led a goodly company.

She looked, she seemed a very queen,—
So stately when I saw her pass;
But floating hair and garments loose,
Bright blushes meeting on her cheeks,
Declared she was a rustic lass.
By times she laughed, by times she wept,
But forward on her journey kept,
Now o'er the vale and down the hills,
With laughter waking all the rills.

I sallied out, and, following on,
I tracked her footsteps in the grass,
While songs that travelled on the breeze,
In fitful waves of music wild,
Declared she was a merry lass.
I wondered at her changeful mood,
When, softly stealing through the wood,
I saw her bending o'er the bowers
In dalliance with the new-born flowers.

I wandered on: she fled before;
I saw her next, as in a glass,
Mirrored within a sunny fountain;
And every smile and every glance
Declared she was a pretty lass:

O'er mountains wild she took her way,
And rocks were hung with garlands gay.
Thus ever through the changing years
Comes April with her "smiles and tears."

WILLIE DARLING.

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF WILLIE LINCOLN, AND RE-
SPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO HIS PARENTS.

FATHER, mother, do not weep,
Saying, in your anguish deep,
"Willie darling's gone to sleep,
Gone to sleep.

"In a cold and dreamless bed,
Where no light is on him shed,
He is sleeping with the dead,—
With the dead!

"Birds and flowers will come again,
Summer, with her joyous train ;
But we'll look for him in vain,—
All in vain!

"He no more will be our guest,
Sheltered in our sunny nest.
Willie darling's gone to rest,
Gone to rest.

Father, mother, wake no more
Sorrow's low and plaintive lore,
Sighing, "Willie comes no more,—
Comes no more!"

Rather lift the drooping head,
List the words in rapture said:—
"Willie darling is not dead,—
Is not dead!

"Wipe away each starting tear;
Banish every doubt and fear;
For your Willie still is near,—
Still is near!

"Oft beside your chair I stand,
Mid a smiling angel band,
Singing of the 'Morning Land,'—
'Morning Land!'

"Oft I glide with noiseless tread
Round my brothers' lonely bed,
Showering blessings on their head,—
On their head!

"Though my footsteps on the floor
Wake no echoes as before,
Still I'm often at your door,—
At your door!

"Through your sunny halls I stray,
Often with my sisters play,
Flinging roses on their way,—
On their way!

"I have only reached the goal
Waiting for each human soul,
Where our love hath more control,—
More control!"

Oh, then, lift the drooping head ;
List the words by angels said :
"Willie darling is not dead,—
Is not dead!"

SONG OF LIFE.

ONCE I stood beside a river,
Where the waters danced along,
Bearing ever on its current
Murmurs of a pleasant song.

Gladness claimed it for her mirror,
And the angel Beauty came,
Dripping with the sunset glories,
Giving to the waves her flame.

"Calm and beautiful and smiling
Is the stream of life!" I cried,
And my tiny bark I hastened
Quick to launch it on the tide.

But, alas! while thus the waters
Sung and prattled at my feet,
Lo! another stream came dashing
From a mountain's lone retreat.

Dark and turbid in its flowing,
Sorrow rode upon its waves,
And all hidden from my vision
Were the pearls within its caves.

While I watched these rivers flowing,
Lo! they mingled into one,
And I sorrowed that the beauty
Of the pleasant stream was gone.

But I learned a needed lesson
From the water's fearful strife;
For a something whispered near me,
"Thus it is with human life."

Youth had woven dreams of beauty
All too bright for one of earth;
I had yet to learn that sorrow
Goeth hand in hand with mirth.

Soon its grasp so cold and chilly
Wove its frost-work o'er my heart,
Till the lesson it enshrineth,
Never, never will depart.

Ever since hath sorrow striven
For the mastery over joy,
Sporting with my fondest pleasure,
Striving with my hopes to toy.

All life's early cherished treasures,
All the brightest and the best,

Like pale flowers of Summer's wearing,
In the grave have gone to rest.

But there is a spirit in me
Strong to suffer grief and pain;
For I know that He who sends them
Will not let me strive in vain.

Youth's bright gushing songs of gladness,
Bursting forth with passions high,
Feelings that have waked no sadness,
In my soul's deep fountains lie.

Oft I hear their voiceful music
Thrilling all my being through,
Till returns life's early freshness,
With its sunshine and its dew.

Oft there quivers o'er my spirit,
Playing with its mystic chords,
Something of a mournful gladness
That can never live in words.

Joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure,
In my soul's deep fountains dwell,
Like the mingled lights and shadows
In a shaded sylvan dell.

But I never pine in sadness,
Never feel the joy of mirth,
That there does not come a vision
Of a brighter clime than earth.

Something like an angel spirit
Seems to whisper in my ear
Of a stream whose limpid waters
Flow forever bright and clear,—

Of a stream whose songs of gladness
Echo with the voice of praise,
And the solemn harps of sadness,
Wake no more their haunting lays.

THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE.

SUGGESTED BY A PAINTING OF A MOTHER WATCHING HER
SLEEPING INFANT.

AND hast thou met them face to face,—
The shadows of the years to be?
Called from their distant dwelling-place,
What mysteries have they told to thee?
What records bright or dark hath Hope
Inscribed on Time's unfolded scroll?
What scenes hath Fancy's wider scope
Revealed in brightness to thy soul?

Thy sleeping rose-bud softly lies,
In trusting love, upon thy breast,
And all the radiance of thy eyes
Declares that there thy treasures rest.

What wouldst thou more? The passing hours
With sunlit beauty cheer thy way,
And the pure smiles of star-eyed flowers
Are round thee with their heavenly ray.

What wouldst thou more? The soul of song
Breathes softly from thy light guitar;
But vainly sweep its spells along:
Thy thoughts, thy thoughts are wandering far.
A spirit-harp of curious make
Within thy rose-bud's heart is sleeping,
And thou its quivering strings wouldst wake,
To learn the sounds its cells are keeping.

Its music thoughts,—thou wonderest now
What they will be in other years;
And changing shades upon thy brow
Tell of thy secret hopes and fears.
They're joyous now and sweet of tone
As murmurs of the dimpling rills:
What will they be when youth is gone
And life with deeper feeling thrills?

Will thought be chainless then, and free,
And sweet the symphonies of love?
Will reason high the minstrel be,
And all its strings harmonious move?
Its passion-chords, will they not roll
Their fiery music o'er the heart,
Or discord jar upon the soul,
And Sorrow wake her mournful part?

What is his destiny?—to live
Through childhood days, a narrow span,
Then back to earth his bloom to give?
Or will the bud unfold the man?
What is his destiny? Will Fame
His hero-triumphs sound afar?
Will earth grow brighter for his name,
And heaven receive one other star?

Will flowers along his pathway grow,
Peace fan him with her angel wings?
Will all life's stream serenely flow,
And Pleasure come without her stings?
Thus might it be, all fair and bright,
If love the mystic chain could weave:
Kept from the shadows of the night,
He might be blessed, and never grieve.

Fond mother, couldst thou calmly look
On all thy child must do and bear,
Turn, then, unto life's ancient book,
And read the lessons written there.
This is his destiny,—to toil,
To suffer, wait, to watch and weep,
To feel life's heat, its dust, its soil,
Or with the earth-worm idly sleep.

This is his destiny,—to see
Earth's fairest scenes fade swift away,
And youth, with its ephemeral glee,
Glide into death, like flowers of May.

This is his destiny,—to feel

Life's joys and pleasure-laden dreams
With all their pomp around him steal,
Then quickly die as sunset gleams.

But, oh, the soul's superior doom

What poet's fancy here may trace?
Will it, where flowers immortal bloom,
In Aiden find its resting-place?
And will it wear those heavenly hues
That clothe with light the angel throng,
And rise, mid fair, celestial views,
O'er spiral heights of love and song?

Oh, will it, as it leaves the clay,

Dream that its hold on life is lost,
And, all unconscious of the way,
Go trembling to the eternal coast?
And will it there affrighted stand
And view the pictures of the past
That Memory, with her faithful wand,
In gloomy shades shall round it cast?

Who knows? O mother-heart, be strong;

Let faith in God thy watchword be,
And tune to life's divinest song
The child-harp cradled on thy knee.
Teach all its chords the lofty strain
That lives in love's sublimest art:
Then will he conquering rise o'er pain,
And greet thee in the heavenly mart.

HUSH! DON'T WAKE THEM.

SUGGESTED BY A PAINTING OF A MOTHER WATCHING HER
SLEEPING CHILDREN.

HUSH! Sleep is here, with balmy fingers dripping
Sweet honey-dews upon the heart of youth,
And, from mysterious chambers lightly tripping,
Fantastic dreams put on the pomp of truth.
Be still! oh, stir not with a breath of love
The rosy curtains of serene repose!
How peacefully they lie!—the nestling dove
Hath not a downier couch; the infant rose,
Rocked on its parent-stem by summer airs,
Hath not a charm so pure, or wears
A drapery so divine. A sunny ray
Lurks in the delicate corners of their lips,
That with their coral tints seem to beguile
The flower-kissed zephyrs from the mountain's tips
To play at "Bo-peep" with an infant's smile.
How sweet their breath!—like precious odors sent
From the life-giving shrine! Their beaming eyes,
Through auburn fringes of soft curtains peeping,
Just give to us a glimpse of Paradise.
Sleep on, my babes! the jewels Heaven hath lent
Shall bless the vigils of a mother's keeping,
And through the silent watches of the night
A glorious dream shall make love's burden light.
Hope, radiant visitant, is brightly spanning,
With her sky-reaching arch, the stream of Time,

TREAD LIGHTLY HERE: 'TIS HOLY GROUND. 155

And Fancy with her waving plumes is fanning
The chords that in my heart keep pleasant chime.
They would beguile me with their promised gladness,
Did I not know that tears must drop from heaven
To give the Iris birth, and tones of sadness
Make airy Fancy yield the joy ere given.
Sleep on, my babes: the mother's heart is lightest
When all her joys within the present lie,
And life to her with treasured wealth is brightest
Whose opening buds soft slumber 'neath her eye.

TREAD LIGHTLY HERE: 'TIS HOLY GROUND.

"TREAD lightly here: 'tis holy ground:"
Thus sang a harp of heavenly sound
Above Mount Vernon's sacred mound,
As slowly from his door,
To return no more, no more,
With the trophies he had won,
A nation's heroes sorrowing bore
Our Washington.

Then, startled from her sleep profound,
An echo-spirit caught the sound,
And sent the tuneful chorus round:—

"'Tis holy ground!

'Tis holy ground!

Tread lightly here: 'tis holy ground!"

“Tread lightly here! tread lightly here!”
Thus sang the harp from year to year,
Till strangers paused in awe to hear,
And round the hallowed bed,
With hushed and reverent tread,
Princes and peasants come,
To see where rests our honored dead,
Our Washington.

And, thrilled as with the voice sublime
That waked the ancient harps of Time,
Each heart repeats the Echo's rhyme,
“’Tis holy ground!
’Tis holy ground!
Tread lightly here: ’tis holy ground!”

But shall we consecrate the ground
Where only *rest* the hero found,
And not the land his valor crowned?—
The land through him renowned,
That smiles in beauty round
The homes to Freedom won
When Victory with her laurels crowned
Our Washington?

With songs that greet the bending skies,
Once more the tuneful echoes rise,
And quick an answering voice replies,
“ ’Tis holy ground,
’Tis holy ground,
Where’er Columbia’s soil is found !”

On winds that kiss the mountain sod,
In every land the hero trod,
Where'er he knelt to worship God,
The echoes sweet resound,
" *This, this* is holy ground!
Here were high conflicts won,
And here triumphant Freedom crowned
Our Washington!"

Then let each freeman's heart be strong
With high resolve to right the wrong,
And earth shall yet repeat the song,
" 'Tis holy ground,
'Tis holy ground
Where'er Columbia's soil is found."

Thus shall we rise o'er hostile fates,
And quell the foe that contemplates
The ruin of fraternal States.
Then Peace, an angel guest,
Shall come, at God's behest,
When War's dread task is done,
And bless once more the land where rests
Our Washington!

And in a Union true and strong
A nation's heart shall chant the song,
And every tuneful note prolong,
" 'Tis holy ground,
'Tis holy ground
Where'er Columbia's soil is found!"

LINES

SUGGESTED ON VISITING AN ASYLUM FOR MUTES.

How mournful is the voiceless sway
That human hearts can bind,
And hush, ere yet its tones have way,
The music of the mind!
O'er glorious realms its power extends,
And mystery mantles all,
Dark as the shade when eve descends
Around some haunted hall!

Here silence o'er the immortal soul
Broods with a spell of might,
And joys find not their shining goal,
Nor dreams the blessed light;
Hushed by its sway, the quivering chords,
By conquering love o'erswept,
Bring from their cells no answering words
Of Sibyl murmurs kept.

But voiceful founts in darkness lie,
With gems enshrined below,
Nor gleam, "nor songs that mantle high,"
Tell where the bright waves flow;
And passion-fires that fiercely burn
O'er lone dark altars roll,
Whence scorching lava-tides return
To waste the weary soul.

Unseen the lovely priestess, Thought,
Her mystic rite performs;
Now Fancy's gorgeous scenes are wrought,
Now Hope the bosom warms;
Joys, haunting fears, all feelings deep,
Dwell captive in her halls,
And glorious are the forms that sleep
On Memory's pictured walls.

They wake, they come at her command,
They glide like ghosts along,
And, circled round her altars, stand
A strangely mournful throng.
To each she holds her spirit-lute:
They try its quivering strings;
But all the answering cells are mute,
No music from them springs.

Here lovely forms in sadness pine
For that o'ermastering art
Which breathes o'er friendship's holiest shrine
The incense of the heart;
The soft pulsations of the air,
Which Love's sweet tones convey,
To them no heavenly raptures bear;
For them no harp-strings play.

Their pensive souls have never heard
Joy's pealing anthems rise,
Nor the wild warblings of the bird
Whose songs are of the skies;

The swelling strains of gladness free,
The pleasant human tone,
And the ringing shout of childhood's glee,
Are sounds to them unknown.

No voice is theirs, nor measured chime
Of winds or rolling tides,
But on the broad, dark river Time
In awful stillness glides.
They bear from earth no pleasant strain
Of high triumphant lore,
No memories of its wild refrain,
Or music of its shore.

ALONE, ALL ALONE.

INSCRIBED TO ONE WHO ASKED, "WHERE LINGERS MY
SPIRIT-MATE?"

Oft have I sighed for some fond heart to love me,
Some spirit to weep or rejoice with my own ;
But dark as the future the clouds hang above me,
And all things seem sighing, "Alone! all alone!"
In joy or in sadness,
In grief or in glee,
No smiles of affection
Beam kindly on me ;

But the voice of my harp
Hath a sorrowful tone,
As it thrills to the echo,
"Alone! all alone!"

Oft have I sighed for a hand to caress me,—
For soft eyes to follow the glance of my own;
But dreary and rough is the pathway before me,
And all things seem sighing, "Alone! all alone!"
In gloom or in glory,
In hope or in fear,
No music of love
Lingers sweet on the ear,
But the song that I hear
Is the sorrowful tone
Still singing and sighing,
"Alone! all alone!"

Oh that some dear one would whisper, "I love thee!"
With rapture I'd dwell on each magical tone,
And, free from the dreams of unrest that come o'er me,
No more would I murmur, "Alone! all alone!"
For happy and blest
As the spirits above
Is the heart that can whisper,
"I've some one to love."

But weary and poor,
With the wealth of a throne.
Is the soul that is sighing,
“Alone! all alone!”

Oft have I sighed for some true heart to love me,
Oft wept o’er the fortunes that doom me to roam
Where Care folds her mantle of darkness about me
And life is uncheered by the sunlight of home.
Oh, vision enchanting!
Why, why should I roam
Afar from the light
Of Love’s beautiful home?
And why should I echo
That sorrowful tone,
And ever keep sighing,
“Alone! all alone!”?

PATIENCE.

INSCRIBED TO ALL WHO NEED IT.

PATIENCE, brothers! patience!
Is the watchword of the brave,
Leading onward, ever onward,
Where the wreaths of victory wave.

Patience, sisters ! patience !
Learn ye that word of power ;
Learn it well, and breathe it often
In every trial hour.

Let its low and gentle music
Thrill all your spirit-chords,
And check e'en at their fountains
All harsh and scornful words.
Patience ! oh, have patience !
Let no dark passions come,
No haunting shades of sadness,
To mar the soul's bright home.

Let no discordant murmurs
Of "sweet bells jangled" rise,
To wake in your hearts the echo
Of low, repentant sighs.
Shrink not from any duty
That in the world's great mart
May call you forth ; but greet it
With cheerfulness of heart.

Throw round each day's dull burden
The light of hope's sweet art,
And with your brothers labor
And bravely do your part ;
And when the days grow dreary,
Or sadness seems to fall
Around you like a shadow,
Or mournful voices call,

And seem with plaintive music
To haunt your spirit-halls,
Till dark and gloomy pictures
Are painted on the walls,
Then nerve your souls to action,
Let "Patience!" be your cry,
And clouds that make your sadness
Will vanish from the sky ;

And Joy and Hope, returning,
Like white-winged doves of peace,
Will sing to you at even
And bid all tumult cease.
Then patience ! oh, have patience !
'Twill bring you always rest,
And drive each haunting image
Of sorrow from the breast.

'Twill bring you truth and beauty,
Make smooth the brow of care,
And be, like dew and sunshine,
A blessing everywhere ;
'Twill give you strength to conquer
The wrongs of many years,
And hush within your spirits
The mournful harp of fears.

'Twill give you, not the meekness
That marks the cringing slave,
But the high and dauntless bearing
Of the noble and the brave ;

'Twill sing to you of heaven,
And, like an angel guest,
Will say of every trial,
"The Father knoweth best."

Have patience ! oh, have patience
With those who do you wrong,
Yet work ye still for justice,
With spirits brave and strong.
Be calm, and very patient,
With all who go astray,
And keep your pearl-lamps shining,
To show them Virtue's way.

And they will gladly follow,
And bless you for the light
That mildly shines upon them
Mid darkness worse than night.
Oh, work ! nor cease your efforts
Till slavery is unknown,
Till Fashion yield to Reason
Her sceptre and her throne.

Lo ! the lilies of the valley,
How patiently they grow !
In fair or cloudy weather,
With purity they glow.
And mark the timid daisy,
Or the violet bending low :
How many holy lessons
From their modest beauty flow !

They seem, while gently nodding,
With perfumed breath to say,
“ ’Tis the loving God who made us
And who guards us night and day ;”
And they speak to weary mortals
Of his ever-watchful care,
And bid us each be patient
And trusting, as they are.

“ Be patient ! oh, be patient !”
Says the busy, toiling bee,
And its music finds an echo
In the billows of the sea.
In deep and swelling anthems,
Through all the tuneful bars,
It rises, till it wakens
The chorus of the stars.

“ Patience ! oh, have patience !”
Say the gentle birds and flowers,
And “ Patience !” sing the breezes
Through the lisping summer bowers.
“ Patience ! oh, have patience !”
Say the slowly pacing hours,
And “ Patience ! sing of patience !”
Says the rainbow of the showers.

“ Be calm, and ever patient,”
Says the proud and stately oak,
“ And learn with me the lessons
That wintry storms evoke.”

"Be firm and brave and patient!"
Say the grand, majestic hills;
And their voice finds ready echo
In the hoary rocks, and rills.

"Be patient!" sing the mountains,
Which the morning light enshrouds;
"Lift your heads above life's shadows,
As we do o'er the clouds."
Thus earth and jewelled heaven,
In strains of sweet accord,
Seem thrilling with the music
Of that *one* harmonic word.

SONG OF PSYCHE TO THE WINDS AND WAVES.

WAILING winds, oh, cease your sighing,
Solemn harps, be still;
All my spirit-chords, replying,
Now too wildly thrill.

Hush, and wake not from their slumbers
Dreams that should be mute;
Breathe not all your plaintive numbers
O'er a broken lute!

Cease, or softly tell your story,
Sounding autumn blast:

Wherefore wake those phantoms hoary
From the buried past?

Why so rudely round my dwelling
Sweep your voiceful wings?
Whistling winds to tempest swelling,
Ye are fearful things!

Oh, what is it ye are saying,
In that mournful strain?
Tell me where so sadly straying,
What your wild refrain;

Say what dusky awful region,
What enchanted shore,
With the midnight's starry legion
Sweep your pinions o'er.

Are ye also restless beings,
Wanderers sad and lone,
Seeking far o'er earth for spirits
Kindred to your own?

Oh, then onward speed to find them.
Would I had your wings!
Earth and sky in vain should woo them
From their wanderings,

Till with rapid flight they'd borne me
To that blissful shore
Where my spirit-love now calls me,
Saying, "Wait no more."

Cease your chorus now, or tell me,
Wailing, solemn wind,
Where a lone and wandering Psyche
Love, her mate, shall find.

Tell me if our spirits ever
Shall be mingled here,
Travelling on in joy together
To that brighter sphere.

Boisterous winds, so sadly sighing,
Ye are all unkind ;
For ye wake no word replying
To a haunted mind.

Hush ! ye bring no sweet nepenthe
To a weary soul :
Wilful winds, your wings sweep o'er me
With a wild control.

“ Hush ! I hear the hoary ocean
Wake its awful voice,
And my heart with new emotion
Cries, ‘ Rejoice, rejoice ! ’ ”

From its emerald caverns leaping,
Rolls the awful tide,
Like a thousand whirlwinds sweeping
Where the storm-fiends ride.

Restless waves, to music swelling,
Tell me, ye the free,

In what sunny region dwelling
Waits my love for me ?

Rise, ye oracles of ocean,
From your azure cells ;
Wake, and still my soul's commotion
By your mighty spells.

Wake, each sibyl voice, from slumber ;
Let the words have way ;
Tell me, in your sweetest number,
"What the wild waves say."

'Tis a question sweetly spoken,
Wistfully and low,
By a harp whose strings were broken
In the "long ago !"

Sing it softly ; I would hear it,—
That mysterious lore,
Which seems calling to my spirit
From the sounding shore.

Often have the voiceful surges
Spelled me with their might,
Mingling like celestial dirges
"With the songs of night."

'Tis, I've said, some mournful maiden,
Singing by the shore,
Where the wind-harps playing round her
Murmur, Wait no more !

But whene'er I've sought to find her,
She hath fled away,
Leaving me alone, to wonder
What the wild waves say.

Oh, how sad it is to listen
To the billows' sigh,
And to question, then to listen,
Gaining no reply.

Winds and waves forever sighing,
Solemn harps, be still;
All my spirit-chords, replying,
Now too wildly thrill.

THE LILY.

A LILY on life's tide was sleeping,
Cradled by a shining wave,
And its brightness, rays of whiteness
To the rolling waters gave.

Calm and beautiful and smiling,
Wore it then a holy ray,
While the pale light born of midnight
On its snowy bosom lay.

O'er its leaves, like gems, were glistening
Tears that starry eyes had shed ;

Not in sadness, but in gladness,
Fell they on the lily's head.

Life seemed brighter in the presence
Of that meek and lowly flower,
And my spirit, lingering near it,
Wakened to a higher power.

While I watched it meekly smiling,
Tempest-clouds had gathered o'er,
And the blast that hurried past
Thundered 'long the distant shore.

By the vexed and angry billows
Soon the fragile flower was bent,
And its sweetness shed in meekness
To the passing gale was lent.

Oft the waves went foaming, dashing,
Splashing o'er its stainless crest,
But still whiter, purer, brighter,
Shone the light upon its breast.

Then I wondered what could make it
Ever smile, mid weal or woe,
All confiding, never chiding,
Shedding love on all below.

But just then a beam of starlight,
From a planet large and lone,
Sweetly gleaming, meekly seeming,
Fell upon its pearly throne.

Lo! a thousand gems seemed flashing
O'er its bosom's stainless snow,
And their brightness, with its whiteness,
Lent the angry waves a glow.

Then I knew that flower so fragile,
Weak and shaken by a breath,
Held a treasure, drawing pleasure
From the storms that threatened death.

Though the sullen, turbid waters
Wet its tender petals through,
Yet it gathered to its bosom
Nothing but the shining dew.

Ah! I thought, how fit a seeming
To our holy faith is this,
That from sorrow learns to borrow
"Scattered sweets of heavenly bliss."

When the heavy surge is dashing,
Mountains high, above our head,—
When our bark in eddies dark
Sees destruction round it spread,—

When our idol-hopes are scattered
Like the leaves by autumn's blast,
And our gladness, turned to sadness,
Chants a requiem o'er the past,—

Oh, if then our eyes we fasten
On that planet large and lone

That forever and forever
Circles round the Eternal throne,

One bright beam from it will gladden
All our inner being through,
And our sorrow prove to-morrow
But the soul's refreshing dew.

THE FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

THEY are passing from our homes away,
The "birds of wandering wing,"
And mournful is the parting strain,
The farewell song they sing.
They go, they go, with all the light
And loveliness of earth,
That came mid sunny hours to bless
The gentle flowerets' birth.

No more their tuneful lays will cheer
Our wanderings through the woods,
Or mingle with the rushing noise
Of sweeping winds or floods.
They are passing from the whispering groves;
They go with summer smiles;
And autumn's fitful breezes sweep
Through all the gloomy aisles.

The mocking-bird is on the wing,
Her nest the robin leaves,
And I hear no more the mellow chirp
Of swallows 'neath the eaves.
The katydid hath ceased her moan,
The linnet's note is still,
And from the thicket sings no more
The lonely whippoorwill.

No more the skylark soars aloft
To greet the early morn,
And where the cuckoo waked her lay
Resounds the hunter's horn.
What tidings have ye had, ye birds,
Of storms or tempests nigh,
That thus with rapid flight ye seek
A far-off, sunny sky?

"We've seen the early spring flowers fade,
The forest-leaves grow sere,
And watched the many changing hues
That mark the closing year.
We've heard the wail of midnight winds
Sweep mournfully along,
And in each solemn blast that rose
There came a warning song.

"The whispering pines have waked their moan
Upon the distant hills,
And swollen by the recent floods
Are all the mountain rills.

The sun through darkly rolling clouds
Shines out in fitful gleams,
And thickly hang the mists of morn
O'er valleys, lakes, and streams.

"The spreading oaks and sycamores
Their robes of green have cast,
And mournfully their naked boughs
Bend to the autumn blast.
No more we hear the pleasant sound
Of bees upon the wing,
No more from garden, grove, or bower
Their honey-dews they bring.

"These are the omens we have had,
And we must heed their spell:
Since beauty from the hills hath fled,
We too must go ; farewell."
But stay, ye birds, give answer yet ;
Where will ye rest your wing?
And will ye not come back again
With flowers of early spring ?

"Beneath a sunny Southern sky,
There we will rest our wings,
Mid pleasant groves and green old woods,
Where purest water springs.
Bright blossoms there of every hue
Light up the forest gloom,
And tall magnolias wave their boughs,
And rich catalpas bloom.

“There we may build our quiet nests,
And warble wild and free,
Where clinging mosses meet and twine
Above the cypress-tree ;
And there, by stream and laughing fount,
Our nestlings we will rear,
Where on the orange-scented gale
There comes no voice of fear.

“But when, with gentle tread, the spring
Comes smiling o’er the lawn,
And the soft wooing winds of May
Call out the timid fawn,
When the fair flowers have burst their tombs,
Then we will spread our wing,
And seek our nests beside thy door :
Oh, we’ll come back with spring.”

Then fare ye well, ye wandering birds,
Birds of the joyous lay :
The God who guides o’er seas your flight,
Will He not guide our way ?
And when life’s storms shall sweep our track,
And shroud in gloom the sky,
Then may we seek a “summer land”
Through paths to Him on high.

THE SUNSET LAND.

THERE is, as Indian legends say,
A land far in the Western wild,—
A brighter realm, though dark the way,
Whose light is ever soft and mild.

There is a land whose glorious bowers
Are purer far than Orient clime,
Where bloom the sweet perennial flowers,
Where birds of song forever chime,—

An isle of rest for those who roam
Through wood and solitary wild,
Whose visions, like the thoughts of home,
Shall soothe in death the forest child.

Amid its calm and peaceful shade
When slowly sinks the orb of day,
The trembling rays of sunlight fade
And melt in silvery beams away.

And o'er its bowers there ever rests
The holy calm of twilight hours;
Like hush of eve, or starlight blest
With whispering breeze and dewy showers.

Oft had the untutored red man sought
To find the wandering spirit's home:
Released from earth, no science taught
His soul where men's pale shadows roam.

But Nature, with her tuneful lyre,
Threw round his path her mystic spell,
Till, glowing with immortal fire,
New light, new radiance, round him fell.

He marked the day-god's path on high,
Beheld the stars' perpetual round,
And from the Scriptures of the sky
The secret of his soul was found.

Then rose within the red man's breast
Emotions deep and strange and wild :
Thoughts that in days of yore ne'er blest
His waking dreams, his sleep beguiled.

Then in the whispering breeze was heard
The rushing of the spirit-wings ;
The wind-harp and the green-wood bird
Brought tidings of all fearful things.

Lo ! like the star's ethereal beam,
Light breaketh o'er the loved one's grave,
And Hope's glad rays mid darkness gleam,
As sunlight o'er the ocean's wave.

In dreams he looks beyond the veil
That shuts him from the heavenly strand :
When youth and joy and life shall fail,
Then haste they to the Sunset Land.

"There shall the spirit find its youth,"
As, wakening from a joyous dream,

Mid woods of balm, the fount of Truth
Shall bless them with its holy beam ;

And there shall the haunts of the deer be found,
By crystal streams and plains away,
Where the parting sigh, with its mournful sound,
Shall tell no more of the heart's decay.

Where the weary hunter a bower shall find,
And a home mid the forest's sylvan shade,
While Indian maids their locks shall bind
With wreaths of the fragrant myrtle made.

Oh, there shall they bathe in the founts of life,
And hear the songs of the free outroll,
Till every trace of their earth-born strife
Shall be washed forever from off the soul.

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

THE Spirit of Song is straying
By the beautiful River of Dreams,
And her pinions of thought are playing
With the rays of the morning beams.
The shores with the dew-drops are shining
Like the star-spangled meadows of night,
And the "smiles of the angels" are twining
Their wreaths in the garden of light.

The mist, like a vision of glory,
 Flings its gossamer veil on the hills,
And morn o'er the tree-tops hoary
 Pours its flood from a thousand rills.
The winds thrill with sweetest emotion,
 And spread out their fairy-like wings,
And the waves chant a hymn of devotion,
 That flows down their silvery strings.
Oh, soft are their musical numbers
 To welcome the Spirit of Song,
As, fresh from her love-lighted slumbers,
 She floats like a seraph along.

Her veil is the color of silver,
 Embroidered and freckled with gold ;
Her robes, as they move to the zephyrs,
 But add to the charms they enfold.
Her brow where the soft curl reposes,
 Her cheeks where the bright blushes meet,
Are pure as the down on the roses
 That the wings of the June breezes greet.
To the songs which the waves are playing,
 She is tuning her golden lyre,
And lightly her fingers are straying
 O'er strings of celestial fire.

She wakens no murmur of sorrow,
 She utters no cry of despair,
But flings from the sky of to-morrow
 The broad sweeping shadows of care.

She tells not of labor, nor duty,
But warbles her loveliest themes,
And sings of the visions of beauty
That dwell by the River of Dreams.
Those visions, so fair and enchanting,
Which flit like a thought through the brain,
Then leave us in darkness all panting,
To sigh for their coming again,—
Those glimpses of radiant glory
Which peer through the vistas of time,
Like the half-pictured scenes of a story
Conveyed in a musical rhyme,—
Those visions that thrill us with pleasure,
The dreams of the regions of bliss,—
All wake at her low-breathing measure,
And give us a foretaste in this.
She hath spelled with her heavenly music
The chords that were thrilling with pain;
And, freed from the phantom of sadness,
My soul is triumphant again!
Joy, joy o'er my harp is flinging
The light of her sunniest beams;
For the Spirit of Song is singing
By the beautiful River of Dreams.

THE VOICE OF MY MOTHER.

'Tis the voice of my mother ! she speaks to her child
In accents of kindness, and sympathy mild.
Like the song of the wind-harp when summer is near,
With a murmur of gladness it falls on my ear,
Seeming softly to whisper, " I'm here, I am here !"
And sweeter by far are its low-breathing notes
Than the music that round me enchantingly floats.

Down the strings of my lyre now its melodies flow,
And I thrill to their echo wherever I go.
When my heart has grown weary, or pines in distress,
Then her spirit is near me, to comfort and bless,
And I feel the soft touch of an angel caress.
She hovers around me, a vision of joy
No sorrow or anguish can ever destroy.

At the lone hour of evening, mid darkness and
gloom,
As I pensively muse in my desolate room,
Or, unheeding the flight of the soft-footed hours,
Linger lonely and late in the vine-covered bowers
Where the starlight is playing bo-peep with the
flowers,
Oh, then do I dream that my mother is near,
And the rapture of meeting gives birth to a tear.

And oft when in sadness I turn to the shade
Where I know that her form in death's slumber was
laid,

On the wings of the zephyr, wild spirit and free,
Like an echo sent back o'er the infinite sea,
Come the whispers of love that are music to me,
And over the sky of my future afar
Shines the rose-colored light of Hope's beautiful star.

Then call me not motherless ; break not the spell ;
'Tis the spirit of sadness that whispers farewell ;
And those who on earth are united in heart,
Ah ! who shall divide them ? they never may part.
A voice sayeth sweetly, "They never may part."
For the spirits who loved us in life may return,
As stars in their orbits, or thought to its urn.

They hover around us, with garlands of love,
To give us bright dreams of the mansions above ;
And oft o'er the hearts of the trusting and true
They pour the blest balm of a peace-giving dew,
Till we feel they are with us, though shut from our
view.

Thus the mother shall watch o'er her sorrowing child
Through the storms that await her in life's dreary
wild !

THE STREAMLET.

I AM thinking, I am dreaming,
Of a sunny, prattling stream,
Where the shimmer of the dancing waves
Was like a summer gleam.
Its waves were soft and gentle
As the silver beams that come
From the portals of the starry skies
To revel in our home.
And like the haunting music
On the sportive breezes flung
From a willow harp at evening,
Was the song that streamlet sung,
Or like the voice of gladness
That echoes o'er the hill
At the bursting of a fountain
Or the springing of a rill.

I heard it in my childhood's days,
Ere the melodies of earth
Had mingled with discordant sounds
Or sorrow chastened mirth ;
And I loved it, as a little child
Will ever love the light
Of any thing that makes the earth
More beautiful and bright.

Long days I sported on its banks,
 Skipped pebbles from my hand,
And often with my tiny feet
 Made dimples in the sand.
Oh, joyously my spirit thrilled
 To the singing of the waves,
That sent their echo-voices back
 Through all their hollow caves,
And gayly there my songs rang out,
 In chorus light and free,
To the music of the bob-o-link
 Or robin on a tree.

The green old woods were round me,
 With their arches reaching high,
And brighter through their leafy dome
 Shone the azure of the sky ;
Along the streamlet's margin,
 When the whirlwinds swept the shore,
A solemn ancient willow
 Breathed its melancholy lore ;
And I wondered in my youthful heart
 Why it whispered so of grief,
When the breezes played around it
 And it shook in every leaf.

But not till long years after
 Did I learn the lesson right
That the weeping willow murmured ;
 For the earth was all too bright.

Not till its sweeping branches
Hung low above the grave
Of the dearest earthly treasure
Our Holy Father gave,—
Not till I stood a mourner
Beside a silent bed,
And felt the deepest sorrow
On an orphan spirit shed.

Till then the lapse of waters
Was to me a sound of mirth,
And I sought no other music
Than the harmonies of earth.
'Twas pleasure deep enough to feel
The warm, sweet breath of Spring,
And see the joyous birds come back
On broad and sweeping wing;
'Twas happiness to roam the wild,
Where all deep voices dwell,
And feel upon my spirit-chords
Their high and holy spell.
It was a joy in summer hours
To wander o'er the lea,
Where the sighing reeds were shaken
By the breath of breezes free;
But 'twas a deeper pleasure still
To feel the sunny gleam
Of light that passed within my soul
With the murmurs of that stream.

And now, though years have vanished
Since I listened to its song,
Though carking cares have bound me
With their fetters fast and strong,
Yet the sounding of those singing waves,
As they rippled on their way,
Seemeth ever to my spirit
Like the music of to-day !

THE PROPHET BARD.

“Never will Peace and Human Nature meet
Till, free and equal, man and woman greet
Domestic life.”—SHELLEY.

MINSTREL ! once thy tuneful numbers
Strangely thrilled the harps of time ;
Now the chords are mute that waked them,
They have won a voice sublime ;
Now thy burning words resound
All the peopled world around ;
Now with stronger pulse they start,
Throbbing to creation's heart ;
Now thy hope hath found its goal
In the universal soul,
Written there on fiery scroll.

Son of Albion ! ere thy star
Tracked the world of thought afar,

Ere from flowery Castaly
Came the nymph fair Poesy,
With her most delightful thrills,
Wooring thee to seek her rills,
Ere Music, with her witching spells,
Rung in thy soul her silver bells,
While yet thou held'st the helm of joy
And roamed afield, a careless boy,—
Even then, amid the mist-hung hills,
By dingles lone and tinkling rills,
From every breeze or autumn blast
That o'er thy rock-ribbed island passed,
From stars, and dews, and flowers beneath,
Thy soul drank in sweet Freedom's breath.

But for her in after-years
Fell thy sorrow's saddest tears ;
For she wrought thee hate and scorn
Ere the gray dawn of the morn !

Not men-fetters, not dominion,
Could thy thought's free current bind ;
Creeds and creedmen found no passport
To the temple of thy mind.
Rich with gems of rarest truth,
Twined with flowers of loveliest youth,
Down its broad, bright spirit-aisles
Floated dreams, like happy smiles,
And Thought, within its sacred halls,
Kept writing lines upon the walls,—
Till, venturing further out one day,
She found a lyre placed in her way :

Though what it was she hardly knew,
Yet still she near and nearer drew,
And when her vail swept o'er the string,
She thought she heard some angel sing,
And whisper, "It is thine!"

She raised it up: 'twas strangely made,
Of fragrant wood, with pearls inlaid;
Its chords,—the sun's most golden ray
At noon were not more bright than they;
And when she touched them, quick a sigh
Seemed from each cell to start, and die
In music most divine.

"Ah me!" she said, "could I but bear
To yon bright halls my treasure rare,
There's many a dream would find its goal,
Now captive in an earnest soul."
With this, away the lyre she bore,
And placed it at the temple's door,
And wrote upon it, while she smiled,
These mystic words:—"For Freedom's Child!"

There long it lay, an unused thing
Of silent cells and trembling string,
Till, gliding down his broad, bright aisle,
The Poet-soul in dreams the while
Saw at the door the lovely form,
And felt his heart in pity warm.
He took it in, but did not know,

Or dream, what streams of song would flow
From the deep founts that slept below,
Till o'er its wires a hand unseen
Swept light, as though its home had been
Those chords and airy cells between.
Then from its curious chambers broke
The holiest sounds that ever woke
To its high birth the Poet-child,
So sweet, so plaintive, and so wild !
Oh, when the bright immortal fire
First glowed along thy quivering lyre,
'Twas Freedom's hand that swept the wire !

But for her in after-years
Fell thy sorrow's saddest tears ;
For she wrought thee hate and scorn
Ere the gray dawn of the morn !

Trampling down the world's opinion,
Right became thy theme,—not might ;
But thy thoughts swept down the current
Of a dark, unfriendly night.
Rolling on to either shore,
Mingling with the water's roar,
Sounding there for evermore,
On the Stygian human tide,
Groans of woe unheeded died ;
But thy genius sphered in song,
Rolled its troubled waves along :
Then adown the stream of life,
Vexed with storms and vexed with strife,

Round the struggling voyager's way
Fell thy soul's serenest ray.
When thy loving spirit saw
Mind and Nature crushed by law,
And beheld the iron chain
Eating to the heart and brain,
Then thy eye in pity turned
To the hated poor and spurned,
And thy hand o'erswept the lyre,
Till it flashed indignant fire
For the weary, the distressed,
For the weak and the oppressed !
Mingling like a seraph strain
Mid the shrieks of woe and pain,
Swelled thy softly soothing tone,
With a strength before unknown,
Claiming honor for the brave,
Freedom for the branded slave,
And for all the true and good
Equal rights and brotherhood !
All for Freedom, many years
Fell thy sorrow's saddest tears ;
For she wrought thee hate and scorn
Ere the gray dawn of the morn !

Sorrowing o'er the woes of others,
Struggling bravely 'gainst thy own,
Like thy very heart's pulsation
Seemed thy far-resounding tone.

Rolling on, forever onward,
Glory waked its after-chime,
Till thy lofty numbers mingled
With the thunder-tones of Time.

When for this—for loving others—
Came the world's neglect and scorn,
Then thy soul's prophetic vision
Met the gray dawn of the morn!

Then thy thoughts with dreams of beauty
Paced the dark aisles of the years,
Through the dim halls of the future,
Till they peopled other spheres.

But the seer's gift to thy spirit
Still wrought agony and tears,
Till thy heart shook hands with sorrow,
And embraced thick-coming fears.

Yet from out the darksome shadows
Rolled the river of thy song,
Fretting still the giant 'butments
Of the granite Bridge of Wrong.

And with eloquence more perfect,
Having won from grief a voice,
Swelled thy lofty pæans upward,
Bidding the oppressed rejoice.

Thou didst say "another morning
On our human day would rise,

When good works would be our commerce,
More than costly merchandise."

Thou didst ask of men, thy brothers,
"How can ye be free and brave,
While to your caprice and fashions
Woman lives and dies a slave?"

Thou didst say "that peace would never
Woeful human nature greet,
Till beside its holiest altars
Men and women equal meet."

Words of truth and deepest meaning,
Chiming unto pleasant songs,
By the strength that ye have given,
Woman yet shall right her wrongs.
Let the burning words resound
All the peopled world around,
Till with stronger pulse they start,
Throbbing to creation's heart,
Till thy hope hath found its goal
In the universal soul,
Written there in fiery scroll.

Prophet-Poet ! Albion's son !
In the sphere thy soul hath won,
Seest thou not how high the sun
In our social world hath run ?
Lo ! along the dark life-river
Now the floating bubbles shiver ;

Now from out her azure caves
Truth goes gliding o'er the waves ;
Now the "tree of freedom" mounts
Upward to the starry founts,
And the holy dews come down
Beauteous on its vernal crown ;
Eagles sit upon its top,
From its boughs the puff-balls drop ;
All that would its beauty cloak,
Every thing that ends in smoke,
From its spreading limbs shall fall,
Black and blasted, withered all.
Underneath, in deepest shade,
Is the grave of Slavery made.
Soon the bloated fiend will die,
Low his mangled corpse shall lie,
And his shade for evermore
Walk the dark Plutonian shore ;
On its waving sprays above
Soon will brood the harmless dove,
Feeding on the sweets of love.
 Courage ! all whose hearts have fears ;
 Freedom dries her children's tears :
 Tremble not for hate or scorn :
 'Tis the gray dawn of the morn !

Swiftly toward the dusky zenith
 Mounts the bright auroral ray ;
Downward o'er the western shadows
 Soon shall shine the new-born day.

Lo ! man's ancient faith is waning,
And his iron rule of might ;
Woman, from her slumbers rising,
Struggles upward to the light.

Unto noble deeds aspiring,
See, she flings away her toys ;
By a higher aim ennobled,
Seeking more than gilded joys.

In the golden fields of labor
She shall prove she hath a soul,
Worthy soon to be his equal,
Travelling to the selfsame goal.

But not his the strongest fetters
That have crushed her holy trust :
Fashion and the love of pleasure,—
These have bowed her to the dust.

Rust of ages, eat the chain ;
Break the antique links in twain ;
In our minds and from our hearts
Now a nobler worship starts.
Let the old dominions fall,
New ones rise upon each wall ;
In the broad, bright fields of Youth
Scatter wide the seeds of truth ;
Then, when fall the autumn leaves,
They will bear the golden sheaves.

For the poor and the distressed,
For the weak and the oppressed,
With the labor-loving class,
Let us struggle for the mass.
Light alone can make them better,
Free them from their ancient fetter.
Let us seek, in love and duty,
Pearls to deck the brow of beauty ;
When we break the gilded chain,
Binding heart, and soul, and brain,
Fashion, ease, and pleasure,—all,
When the old dominions fall,
Then may we in justice claim,
With our brothers, equal fame ;
Brighter than our lights shall be
In the field of destiny.
Woman, waken ! crush your fears ;
Freedom is not won by tears.
Years of toil for heart and brain,
Toil alone will break the chain.
Waken ! see, the auroral ray
Now foretells the coming day.
Fly, ye fiends of hate and scorn ;
'Tis the gray dawn of the morn !

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING AN ASYLUM FOR THE BLIND.

THE blind, the blind are round me now,
A groping, melancholy throng,
With shades hung darkling on each brow,
And hearts which thrill to mournful song.
How yearn their souls for one sweet ray
To flow along their spirits' lyres !
One arrowy gleam of coming day
Would wake for them celestial fires.

They pine to see the wandering sun
With golden scarf shut out the stars,
Or track the glittering orbs which run
Their fiery race o'er azure bars.
Thought strives in vain to spell their woes,
And Fancy struggles to be free,
But nameless horrors round them close,
And all their radiant visions flee.

Earth hath no smiles for those who tread
In rayless gloom life's devious ways :
No holy beam, or lightness shed,
Streams o'er them in the noontide rays ;
But darkly sweep the wings of night
Through spirit-chambers richly stored,
Nor sign nor gleam of outward light
Shows where their fadeless wealth is poured.

There is no morn for those who dwell
In darkness through the circling years :
The shrouded soul, in dreary cell,
Broods pensive o'er its gathering fears,
And, round its fringed windows spread,
A sable curtain shuts the view ;
Lost is the deep expression shed
Of thought or genius struggling through.

The varied beams which charm the eye,
The glance of hope, the flash of pride,
Lights which in deep affection lie,
Within their sightless orbs have died ;
And round their homes the fleeting hours,
With raven plumes, glide slowly by :
They bring no pearls when evening lowers,
At morn no amber-curtained sky.

In vain the wavering moonbeams flow
Adown the starry concave walls ;
In vain the summer sunset's glow
In softened radiance round them falls :
The ray that gilds the hoary hills
Cheers not the mansions of the blind ;
The sunlight on the gurgling rills
Gives not its brightness to their mind.

The changing tints which autumn flings
In rich profusion o'er the field,
The frost-white pearls which winter brings,
To them no beams of beauty yield ;

They cannot see the waving woods,
The lisping pines, the gnarléd oak,
Or view the grandeur of the floods,
Which erst to man's free spirit spoke.

The star-eyed flowers of early spring,
Which light the bowers where angels tread,
In vain their heavenly beauties bring,
Or glory round their pathway shed;
The high-wrought works, the gifts of God,
The ruby drop, the sparkling gem,
The very soil o'er which they've trod,
Have countless mysteries to them.

They cannot see the friends they love,
Whose kindly tones to music flow,
The nameless grace with which they move,
The witching smile, the cheek's warm glow.
Oh, it is mournful thus to bend
In darkness o'er life's joyous streams,
Nor see the shades that softly blend
Where Beauty weaves her golden dreams;

Mournful to feel the wings of years
Beat idly round our spirit-home,
Nor see the alternate smiles and tears
Through which the chainless pinions come;
More mournful still to feel the jar
Of the great world, yet sit apart,
A sphereless orb, a shaking star,
That midnight folds within its heart.

What spectre guests must haunt the soul,
Thus trembling on its hermit throne!
What waves of suffering round it roll
When passion wakes its deafening tone!
Oh, is there in the wealth of mind
One gem enshrined and shut from sight,
Whose ray serene can cheer the blind
And bless them with its heavenly light?

Sweet Human Love! thou deathless lamp
Within our soul's sky-arches set,
When night hangs o'er us chill and damp,
Thy cheering radiance lingers yet;
And, naphtha-like, with fragrant blaze,
Thy light here to the blind is given,
Till soul, unhoused, in transport strays
Along the ether vaults of heaven.

“WE REAP IN GLADNESS WHAT WE SOW IN
TEARS.”

YouTH is fleeting, youth is fleeting
To the shade-land of the past,
And its hours, though bright or dreary,
Travel on, and travel fast;
Flowers which wake in early springtime,
Birds that sing on leafy spray,

Linger through the joyous season,
But in autumn pass away.

To the "sunny climes" the warblers
Hasten from the winter's cold,
And the rose-seed finds a shelter
Underneath the genial mould;
But they come again with gladness
When the May-morn lights the hills,
And the same gay smiles and voices
Linger by the dimpling rills.

These may have a second springtime,
And forget that storms have been,
Oft returning like the sunlight
Floating o'er the copse-wood green;
But the tones within our being,
And the spirit-flowers that die,
Perish from the earth forever,
As the fleece-clouds leave the sky.

And the joys of youth, departing,
To the heart return no more;
All their withered leaves lie scattered
On a far receding shore.
Memory may keep their odor,
Wafted from the Lethean wave,
Yet 'tis but an empty sweetness
Of a flower that's in the grave.

Why, oh, why, when earth grows dreary,
And we pine through gloomy hours,
Cannot we, like birds and blossoms,
Seek the far-off sunny bowers?
Why must we bear on our spirits
Shadows dark of many fears,
Staining all life's fairest roses
With the briny dew of tears?

Why must we from friends be parted,
Why repeat the sad farewell,
And forever hear the music
Of the mournful funeral knell?
Why, but that the soul which struggles
May grow wisely strong with years?
We may never reap in gladness
If we fear to sow in tears.

A TRIBUTE TO NORWAY'S DEAD.*

From the breezy shores of Norland,
Where the bright Urunda flows,—
From her mountains high and hoary,
Mantled by eternal snows,—
Lo! there comes a voice of wailing
On the midnight tempest sailing,

* In the fall of 1842, an emigrant-ship was burned on Lake Erie, and nearly four hundred Norwegians, who had taken passage in it for the West, found a watery grave, instead of the homes they sought.

Wailing for the loved ones sleeping
In their cold and dreamless beds,
Where the restless waves are sweeping,
Sweeping o'er the loved ones' heads.

From their father homes and country,
In the pleasant autumn-time,
Came a pilgrim band of strangers
To our freedom-favored clime ;
And, with footsteps weak and weary
From a journey long and dreary,
And while many a thought of sadness
O'er the faded scenes of yore
Chimed to dreams of coming gladness,
Trod they on our welcome shore.

Safe from storms which track the ocean,
Deemed they then their perils o'er,
And with joy's serene emotion
Viewed the land which lay before ;
While Fancy, wakened from her slumbers,
Roused her wild soul-haunting numbers,
And, with magic beauty shining,
Lighting all the coming years,
Hope her golden links was twining
O'er their spirit-mantling fears.

Bright for them rolled down the current
Of the changing river Time ;
Happy homes their visions gladdened
In a fair and sunny clime.

Just before them, clear and smiling,
With its phantom joys beguiling,
Shone the tall and stately palace
Of their gilded hopes and dreams.
Lo! they grasp the sacred chalice
Whence the draught of pleasure streams.

Then afar from grove and fountain,
O'er the chainless river's breast,
Came a voice whose echoes called them
To the glory-mantled west.
There, where Nature's skies are lightest,
Where she wears her smiles the brightest,
Where her dark broad waters sweeping
Part the flower-enamelled plain,
And through mountain-passes leaping
Seek the solemn sounding main,—

There, beneath her waving forests,
Mid her music-haunted dells,—
Where the fairy elves at evening
Sound their silver tinkling bells,—
There would they with friendly greeting
And in social pleasure meeting,
Rural cot and cabin rearing,
With their loved penates dwell,
Never more from sorrow fearing
Blighted hopes or gloomy spell.

Thus, with promised pleasure laden,
Slowly paced the lagging hours
Which to them should bear the blooming
Of their passion-planted flowers ;
While upon the bright waves gazing,
At the purple sunset blazing,
With the dreams which banish sadness,
Trode they on the steamer's deck,—
Little dreaming, in their gladness,
That the morn would see its wreck.

Quick as lurid lightning-flashes
Swept the sable wings of Death
O'er their rosy couch of slumber,
With its cold and blighting breath.
A crash! "Oh, God! the vessel's sinking!"
At that cry, with terror shrinking,
And in speechless horror starting,
Rushed they wildly to the waves:
Mid shrieks and groans and cries of parting
Passed the strangers to their graves!

Quick the waters closed above them,
Rolling onward still the same,
While on high the evening goddess,
Smiling, lit her heavenly flame,
And, above the wind's low sighing,
Moaning waves, to waves replying,

Through their emerald halls were sweeping,
With a soft and measured chime,
While within their cells were sleeping
Beauty's bloom and manhood's prime.

But the "silent heart" of Norland
Mourns in sorrow o'er their fate.
With her icy mantle round her,
Lo! she mourns in regal state.
For her children fondly cherished,
For the brave who sadly perished,
Love shall wake her tuneful measure,
And the loud death-chorus sing;
Through the festal halls of pleasure
Shall its diapason ring.

Many hearts will pine in sorrow
At the wonted hours of glee,
Silent groups this year will gather
Round the merry Christmas-tree;
Gloomy shades will darken o'er them,
Ghostly forms will flit before them,
Memory, with her haunting numbers.
All their spirit-chords will sweep,
Waking from their viewless slumbers
Thoughts which nevermore shall sleep.

To the pleasant halls of Odin,
With her siren-lighted spell,
Love, in pensive dreams, shall guide them,
Where the blessed spirits dwell;

And with soul-inspired emotion,
And a kindling, high devotion,
Like the incense-breath of morning,
 Shall ascend their earnest prayer
That the loved, no more returning,
 In its bowers may wait them there.

REST.

“Oh, let me rest!” says the child at play;
“I’m weary of sporting the livelong day:
I’ve chased the bee o’er the breezy hills,
And followed the course of the dancing rills;
I’ve twined a wreath of the bright-leaved flowers,
The fairest that grew in the woodland bowers;
But the dew is gemming the violet’s crest,
And the bee and the bird from their wanderings
 rest.”

“Oh, let me rest!” says the child of grief;
“To the spirit weary, oh, bring relief:
I’ve sought for peace through the changing years,
But the past is dim with the mist of tears;
Fond friends have perished, like autumn leaves,
And a dirge-like music the wind-harp weaves,
And the light that shone o’er a soul once blest
Hath fled forever: oh, give me rest.”

"Oh, let me rest!" is the orphan's cry,
And her pale lips part with a plaintive sigh :
"I dreamed of pleasure, but childhood's years
Were crowned with sorrow, and draped in fears :
A precious treasure was mine a while,
A balm for sadness,—a mother's smile ;
But never more on her gentle breast
Shall my head be pillowed, with love to rest."

"Oh, let me rest!" says the man of toil :
"I've searched for treasures the cold, damp soil ;
I have jewels bright from the distant mine,
And the social blessings of song and wine ;
A crown of pearls on my brow is set ;
But my heart is wasting with vain regret :
Gold brings no balm to a troubled breast :
'Tis a worthless treasure : oh, give me rest!"

"Oh, where is rest?" says the gray-haired sage,
As he reads with wonder the holy page ;
"A toil-worn pilgrim, I've sought it long :
Doth it only dwell in the poet's song ?
And must the shadows of eve that close
O'er weary mortals bring no repose ?
Is there no bower by its soft light blest ?
I pine for freedom : oh, give me rest!"

"Faith bringeth rest," says the child of God,
As he meekly kisses the blighting rod,
"And its Eden-blossoms of beauty dwell
In the heart that can whisper, 'All, all is well!'"

There is a balm for the weary soul,
A rock of refuge, a blissful goal;
For our Father sayeth, in accents blest,
Oh, come unto me: *I will give you rest!*"

THE POET'S SPELL.

I saw a fair-haired, gentle, dreamy child;
The light of genius slumbered in her eyes,
Which oft, in tearful lustre, and expression wild,
She turned, in silent wonder, to the skies.
Her soul seemed lost in revery; when she smiled,
'Twas but a fleeting smile, as thoughts which rise
And flit like shadows through the weary brain,
And, ere we seize them, they are lost again.

Upon her spirit seemed to rest a spell,
As if it struggled with an unseen power,
And sought to hide its feelings, nor to tell
From whence those deep emotions; as the flowers,
Smiling in beauty mid the forest dell,
Conceals the jewels of the starry hours,
Drinks the pure nectar and the luscious sweets,
Far from man's dwelling and the noontide heats.

The Poet's Spell was on her, and the tide
Of thought swept o'er her spirit, and she bowed,
A silent worshipper, with joy and pride,
Before a lofty shrine. Then, like a shroud

Of dewy vapors on the mountain's side,
Arose the fragrance of her offerings, and a cloud
Of incense floated on the breeze away,
While music-haunted was the birth of day.

The spell at last was broken ; then
" A change came o'er the spirit of her dreams ;"
Her soul found utterance, and at twilight, when
The sun still lingered, with its parting beams
Bathing the wood-tops and the silent glens
In its own glory, by the silvery streams
Tuning her harp-strings to the surging wave,
The burden of her soul in song she gave.

The charm of Poesy around her threw
Its magic tracery, while the soul of song
Breathed o'er her spirit gently as the dew
Gems the sweet-blooming wild flowers, and a
throng
Of moving images, and visions new,
Came, like a flood of sunlight borne along
By the swift wings of Fancy, till the fire
Of genius breathed upon the tuneful lyre.

Thoughts which before went rushing through her
brain
Confused and wild, were full of meaning now ;
And when she looked up to the skies again,
And listened to the breeze which fanned her
brow,

Or watched the clouds floating in fleecy train
Above her head, or 'neath the waving boughs
Sat down to rest her from her toilsome way,
Still sang she ever, with a witching lay.

OUR LEADER TRUSTS IN GOD.*

Oh, pray for me,—pray that the God above,
The God whom we all adore,
May crown, through my labors, the land we love,
With the blessings of peace once more.
To Him must all things yield;
He is our strength and shield,
A “rock of refuge,” our only stay,
In the trial-hour
Of a nation’s power.
“Pray for me, brothers,—pray.”
Thus spoke our country’s chosen chief,
As he passed from his home, with a farewell brief.
And there rose from the midst of a gathered crowd
A voice that shall live always,
For it rang, with an emphasis long and loud,
“We’ll pray for thee,—we will pray.”

* Suggested by reading the President’s farewell address to his friends at Springfield, in which he expressed his dependence on God, and requested his friends to pray for him that his efforts might be blessed in restoring peace to our distracted country.

Oh, brave and high request!
Oh, answer true and blest!
No tongue can tell what a holy spell
Those words impart
To the human heart,
Or the beauty that in them dwell;
For deep are the echoes they wake on earth
As the solemn sounds that in heaven have birth.

They have thrilled to a nation's heaving breast,
And it throbs with a higher life,
As they float, like the voice of an angel guest,
Over tidal seas of strife.
Oh, sweeter than song of birds
Is the sound of those loving words;
For they speak of a soul that is brave and true,
And a purpose strong
To subdue the wrong,
And justice and truth pursue.
Ah, well may our nation be undismayed;
For the heart of its leader on God is stayed.

Oh, words of wisdom, with Hope and Love
Ye shall traverse the wide world o'er,
Till your echoes reach to the skies above,
And are heard on the angel shore.
Like dew on the heart of youth,
Ye shall scatter the pearls of truth,

And oft shall ye dwell on the lips of age ;
Yet a holier power
Shall be your dower,
On the world's historic page ;
For a strength is yours, and a voice sublime,
Outlasting the changes of earth and time.

From many a heart that your music stirred,
From many a household band,
The answering voices of prayer are heard
For the rulers of our land.

Let them be men of might,
And valiant for the right,
And we'll never yield to a traitor's nod ;
For the cry shall sound
In triumph around,

“Our Leader trusts in God !”

And we tremble not at the loud alarms
Or the hurried tramping of hosts in arms.

The pride of our nation may be abased,
And her people weep her slain,
For the stains on her altars must be effaced,
And truth and the right shall reign.
But her foes will disappear,
Like the leaves of a former year,
When Heaven withdraweth the chastening rod,
And we need not fear
For the conflict near,
With a Leader who trusts in God ;

For angels encamp, like an arméd host,
Round those who love him and trust him most.

And the shades of our sires, from the land of souls,
Shall our watchful guardians be,
Till a hymn of triumph and peace outrolls

'Neath the banner of liberty.

Brave as the "bird of Jove"

In his majesty throned above,

Are the hearts of the heroes whose cause is just,
And their arms are strong

To subdue the wrong,

For they know in whom they trust.

And well may their spirits be undismayed ;

For the heart of their Leader on God is stayed.

Then pray for him,—pray that the Lord above,

The God whom we all adore,

May bless, through his labors, the land we love,

And order and peace restore ;

And let our Chief rejoice

In this our answering voice,

Whose tuneful echoes repeat the lay,

In the trial-hour

Of a nation's power,

We'll pray for thee,—we will pray ;

And He whose blessings are everywhere

Will hear and answer his people's prayer.

THE POET'S HOME.

Oh, tis not in the princely halls
Where pride and avarice dwell,
Nor yet within the crowded mart,
The Poet wakes his shell.
'Tis not where towering castles rise,
With gray, embattled walls,
That Genius round her gifted ones
Her brightest visions calls.
His eye may rest upon them all
With conscious joy and pride,
But 'tis not mid the works of Art
His brightest spells abide,
Nor yet amid the city's din,
Where dwells a stranger throng;
For there no haunting voices dwell
To wake the soul of Song.

It is not in the gay saloon,
Mid wine and wassail-shout,—
Not there the mystic Muses weave
Their purest spells about.
The soul that holds communion high
Seeks not the giddy crowd,
Where Folly weaves her shining web
O'er thought, a gloomy shroud ;

For he whose free heart quickly beats
To feelings deep and strong
Spurns from his soul the tyrant's chain,
And bravely chides the wrong ;
And when he feels the strange, deep spells
That thrill the spirit's lyre,
'Tis not at Fashion's varying flame
He feeds the immortal fire ;
For deathless is the spark within,
And brighter as it burns,
While free and lofty are the thoughts
The Poet-heart inurns.
Then, when he hears that living voice,
Or witching strains that come
To woo him from the haunts of men,
Where is the Poet's home ?

Go ask the wild, quick winds that play
Above the mountain's brow ;
The winds and ocean-waves reply,
His home is with us now.
Ye may not check his eagle flight
Or curb his high career ;
He boldly sweeps the boundless air,
And smiles where others fear.
The laughing brooks that wander by
Wake music in his breast,
And water-spirits seem to say,
Here let the Poet rest.

Then through the forest-aisles resounds
The gentle voice of song,
And Nature hails him as he comes
With tuneful harp along;
In every mood, of calm or storm,
By fount or rolling flood,
Her voice salutes him, and her tones
Are loved and understood.
There, mid the rocks and dark green woods,
Where answering echo wakes,
Mid whispering shades, with love and song,
His home the Poet makes;
Or steals he to the shaded glen
By brook or peaceful lake,
Where winds o'er voiceful reed-harps play,
And cares no slumbers break.
His soul, to thought's high mystery born,
Dwells, like a star, apart,
While viewless forms of earth and air
Hold converse with his heart.

THE MYSTERY OF MELANCHOLY.

EARTH hath its mysteries! strange voices dwell
In the hushed solitude of grot and dell;
A voice of waves, of fountains in their flow,
Whispering of coral groves and caves below;
A voice of song, light as the breeze of morn,
Or rustling music of the reed-harps born;
Such are the sounds which fill the solemn shade
Where the deep flood's voice and the winds have
 strayed.

And there are other voices, in whose swells,
Answering each other from their echo-cells,
There lives a witchery of power! They come
With spells to waken memories of home.
And are not these all mysteries? Who may know
Whence are those sounds, and whither do they flow?
And there are dews, and flowers, and burning stars,
And ocean-treasures, pearls and silvery spars,
And each its mystery,—a mystic lore;
But, oh, the heart, the human heart hath more!
Oh, wondrous instrument, thou harp divine!
Full many a sound and melting strain is thine,
And many a mystery wraps our being round,
“Hiding the links by which we're darkly bound;”
Thought, feeling, impulse, passion, all in turn
Play o'er its chords and fill its voiceful urn.

And we must yield to them. We may not fling
Aside the weight the unseen minstrels bring.
The harper Thought sweeps every quivering string,
Wakes every chord, and tries each secret spring.
Now at one touch the strains of hope arise,
And glory's sunbeams tremble o'er the skies,
While the sweet seraph Joy, with laughing eye,
On angel-wing seems bending from the sky ;
Then wild Delight comes, with her sister Mirth,
Strewing fresh rose-leaves on the dewy earth,
And Hope and Joy, Delight and Mirth, all these
Have their own mysteries, and weave
Their bright spells o'er us. Theirs is a mystic lore !
But hath the heart, the human heart, no more ?

Oh, dwells there not in its sounding cell
A marvel deeper, a darker spell ?
Comes there no voice from the spirit-lyre
Whose tuneful echoes to heaven aspire ?
Hath the human heart, with its thousand strings,
No chord to murmur of solemn things,—
No wild, strange music, no deepening lay
Like the sounds that wake where the night winds
 stray ?
Hath it never whispered in tender moan
A something of sorrow, an under-tone ?
Mingles there naught in its gush of song
That breathes of the lost, of the loved ones gone ?
Hath it waked no echoes of sad farewells,
Like the sigh and sound of the moaning shells ?

Yea, all of these in their mournful chime,
All these voices, O heart, are thine !
They come, they come o'er the trembling soul,
And its dreams into answering songs outroll ;
They come, and the rushing of viewless wings
Is borne on the breeze till the clear air rings.
Now low and sad, like the plaintive dirge
Breathed o'er the dead by the ocean surge,
Then sacred and pure as a dream of home
To a weary sailor,—thus, thus they come !
Dreams of the past to the heart will rise,
Haunting the soul with their melodies ;
Voices return that were hushed and mute,
Like echo-songs from a wind-swept lute.
Oh, we bear within us mysterious things,
When sadness hath swept o'er our spirit-strings !
There are yearnings for streams in whose water's
 flow
We might lose all stain of our mortal woe ;
There are haunting visions and thoughts which
 come
To woo the soul from its earthly home ;
We pine for life, for one living gleam,
As pants the hart for the cooling stream ;
We yearn for the light of those sunny bowers
Where decay breathes not o'er the fair young
 flowers.
Oh, who in the stillness of summer eves,
When dew creep down on the violet-leaves,

When spirits seem treading the viewless air,
And the footprints of angels are everywhere,
Who hath not turned from the couch of sleep
To gaze on the stars, to watch and weep?
Who hath not knelt to the midnight throne,
Breathing in sorrow a plaintive moan,
Nor sighed to traverse those shining plains
Where the stars keep watch in their mystic trains?
Who hath not yearned for a kindred soul,
For the blessing that cometh with love's control,
And pined for that which we may not gain
While wrapped around by our prison-chain,—
Peace and calm for a troubled breast,
A healing balm for the soul's unrest?

Spirit of Sadness! Mysterious power!
Haunting the dreams of the midnight hour,
Where can the place of thy dwelling be,
And who can fathom thy mystery?
Is it down, far down where the sea-flowers bloom,
And the waves sport free in their halls of gloom?
Is it far away in some fragrant isle,
Which wreathes the sea in a living smile?
Or dost thou dwell in the solemn shade
By the stately trees of the greenwood made,
Giving a voice and a tone of grief
To the tall, dark pines and each quivering leaf?
And dost thou come from thy secret cell,
To give to the sweeping winds their spell,

Till the air seems chanting a plaintive lay,
And our hearts awake to its solemn sway?
Dost thou bring thy shade to the festive throng,
To check the light and the flow of song?
Thou dost, O Sadness! thy voice is there!
Thou art there with Mirth! thou art everywhere!
Thou art where ruins darkly lie
With the ivy overgrown,
Where the gloomy nightshade twines its boughs
Above the broken stone;
Thou art there, and thick thy shadows rest
O'er fallen arch and throne.
What breathest thou of those regal wrecks,—
Thou of the sad low tone?
Thou art speaking of the lordly dead,
The kingly ones and high,
And thou wakest strange memories of the past,
With thy mournful melody.
Thou weavest a song of olden time,
And tenderly thy lay,
Like the timid warblings of a bird,
Melts on the air away;
Thou art singing of the slumberers there
By mouldering shaft and fane,
And, while we list the solemn strain,
They seem to rise again;
Yet once again those columns stand,
Stately and grand and tall,
And they ring once more to the merry song
Of harpers in the hall.

O Melancholy, 'tis thy spell !
The soul's high mystery !
The power to wake life's buried hours,
With all their imagery !
And from thy charm, thy haunting tones
And dreams, we may not part :
Thy strings, though placed through all the
earth,
Dwell most within the heart.
And slight may be the cause that bids
Those slumbering chords awake :
A glance, a word, and all their power
Upon the soul may break.
Thou'rt with us at the parting hour,
And thou bind'st us with thy spell,
And a marvel all thy own is linked
With the solemn word "farewell!"
And, like the Pythia's voice of old,
Dark oracles are thine,
And prophecies of ill to come
Meet in thy mournful chime.
Oh ! oft we feel a chilling power
Creep o'er us, mid our mirth,
Till joy seems passing from our souls,
The sunbeams from the earth ;
And oft we see the tempest rise
Ere yet a sign is nigh,
And mark the gathering storm-clouds hung
Upon a sunny sky.

Lone spirit of our darker hours,
Is this thy might and skill?
Thy sibyl voice hath many a tone
And mystery darker still.
A mournful spirit-gift thou art,
And yet a charm is thine,
A power like that which binds the soul
When grief and joy combine.
We love the beams that gladness brings,
And pine to see them fade;
But, oh, there is a purer joy
Found in thy pensive shade.
There is one chord whose music seems
To echo back our own.
O Melancholy, it is thine!
Thine is the answering tone.
Oft, haunted by thy living voice,
We court the twilight gloom,
And leave with joy earth's sunny bowers,
With all their sweet perfume;
But, oh, when Fortune's favoring gale
Has brought us to the goal
Where centre all our high-born thoughts,
Why trembles then the soul?
Is there not joy that we have gained
The "meed of toiling years"?
Then wherefore do our spirits droop?
Whence are these gushing tears?
We think of all the long, long years
Of burning hopes and care,

Of the wasting of the weary heart
From sorrow or despair.
We think of all the bright flowers crushed,
The weight of suffering borne,
Till the glittering crown we sought to win
Hath a spell to make us mourn.
A mystery deep and strange is this,
Which checks the flow of mirth,
And mid the depths of wild delight
To plaintive sounds gives birth.
We may not hush their tender lay,
Breathed mournfully and low.
O Melancholy! 'tis thy power
That bids their numbers flow.
Thy voice is heard by the fair young bride,
As she breathes the solemn vow,
And a spell o'er her spirit-chord is cast,
And a shadow o'er her brow.
She looks on the home of her sunny youth,
On the home that is hers no more,
And a tear-drop falls from her pensive eye
As she goes from her father's door.
"Thy soft low tones, they linger oft
Within the poet's breast ;"
His soul thy solemn music haunts,
And will not let him rest.
His purest thoughts, his brightest dreams,
Live ever in the mind ;
In vain he sweeps the trembling lyre :
No outward form they find.

He grasps the bauble, high renown,
Then turns in grief away ;
A fearful gift is fame to him,
Won by the heart's decay.
Why is it thus? Oh, why should Faith
E'er waver from her trust,
And those who place their hopes on high
Be humbled in the dust?
Oh, why must Sadness wake so oft
Her trembling spirit-strings,
And echo back in solemn strains
The songs that Gladness brings?
Is there no clime, no blessed fount,
Far on some happier shore,
Where Melancholy with her spells
May haunt our souls no more?
There is! and there our souls shall thrill
With joyous melody!
There shall the spirit-chords have power
To rend this mystery!

LINES WRITTEN NEAR THE SCENE OF PERRY'S
VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

Voice of the moaning waves,
What doth your music bring?
Sweeping through hollow-sounding waves,
What is the song ye sing?

Calmly the sunbeams rest
Now on your waters' flow,
Like a child asleep on its mother's breast:
But hath it been always so?

Have not the wild winds swept,
Loud-sounding, deep, o'er thee?
Hath not the voice of thy music slept
When the tempest's wrath was free?

Have not the lightning's flame
And the spirit of storms been nigh,
Tracking the foam of thy heaving main
In their wild revelry?

Have not thy wild seas rolled
O'er wrecks of human skill,
And men the strong and proud of soul
Bowed to thy tyrant will?

Thou dost keep thy secrets well,
And the deeds thy might hath done,
Leaving no trace on the waves to tell
Of the trophies thou hast won.

But the deep's voice hath power
To call from their lonely cells
The mysteries of many a buried hour,
With their sad soul-haunting spells.

And the night-winds come back
From their wanderings to the shore,
Telling of storms that have crossed their
track:
But have they brought nothing more?

Oh, restless, moaning deep,
A sadder tone is thine!
And sounds that over thy waters sweep
Have a meaning I well divine.

They are telling of mortal strife,
Of a day of victory won,
When wasted the tide of human life
With the light of the setting sun.

They are singing of those who fought
On their battle-ships that day,
Of the valiant hearts and souls who sought
Fame—and they passed away!

They are weaving a plaintive dirge
O'er the warrior forms that fell :
And soft notes float o'er the solemn surge ;
Their grave is the dark sea-cell.

They have passed, with their mournful sound,
To the earth and far-off sky,
And wreathed the Isles of the Sisters round
With a mournful melody.

And the sky hath dropped down tears,
And earth hath wept her slain,
And the haunting tones of grief and fear
Have echoed the solemn strain.

And from many a fireside hearth,
And many a household band,
There passed the light and song of mirth
As the echoes reached the land.

Oh, where on the earth and sea
Have not our brothers bled,
And death o'er their spirits young and free
Its blight untimely shed ?

For the light that Freedom brings
They nobly, proudly fell,
And the deep their deathless glory sings :
They have triumphed : it is well !

GIVE US "FREEDOM" FOR OUR BATTLE-CRY.

FREEDOM ! give us Freedom
For our battle call and cry :
'Tis a nation's heart that's pleading ;
Heed the echoes ere they die.
Freedom ! give us Freedom ;
'Tis the birthright of the brave ;
It will cheer them on while living,
And glorify the grave.
Freedom ! give us Freedom !
The oppressed in bondage sigh,
And the prayer is heard resounding
Through the arches of the sky.

Freedom ! sing of Freedom !
And swell the chorus high :
'Tis the only watchword worthy
To be our battle-cry !

Freedom ! ay, give freedom
To every human soul,
And our country's star, ascending,
Shall reach a shining goal.
Freedom ! give us Freedom
For our battle song and cry,
And, though our strife be fearful,
Our hope shall never die.

Freedom ! strike for Freedom !
And the God who rules on high
Will lead our valiant armies
On, on to victory !

Freedom ! sing of Freedom,
And swell the chorus high :
'Tis the only watchword worthy
To be our battle-cry !

Freedom ! sing of Freedom !
Let it be our nation's hymn,
Till the hosts of heaven shall hear it,
And the flame of Mars grow dim.
Freedom ! sing of Freedom !
We may learn it of the bee,
Of the bird, and of the breezes,
And the music of the sea.
Freedom ! sing of Freedom !
'Tis the anthem of the world ;
And with its songs ascending
Let our banners be unfurled !

Freedom ! sing of Freedom !
And sound the chorus high :
'Tis the only watchword worthy
To be our battle-cry !

OUT AND IN.

WHAT THE CLOCK SAID ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

LAST night the ancient clock of Time
I heard repeat this doleful rhyme:—

Stark and cold,
Wrinkled and old,
With white locks and visage sere,
Another year
Lies on his bier,
And, plaintively singing a dirge-like strain,
The hours went by in a solemn train,
And they seemed to say,
As they passed away,
“Toll him out!
Toll him out!

In the halls of the past his grave we've made,
And we summon his ghost to the realms of shade:
Toll him out!
Toll him out!”

These were the echoes that rose and fell
As midnight wakened its mournful knell.
But ere the close of its last refrain
The ancient time-piece spake again,
And, with the voice of a joyous lay,
In tuneful measures it seemed to say,
“Young and bold,
With wealth untold,

And eyes undimmed by a single tear,
The bright New Year
In its pride is here."

And the elfin hours, in a merry train,
Went by to the sound of a joyous strain,
And they seemed to say,
As they passed away,
"Welcome him in!
Welcome him in!

His lips have smiles, and his heart has mirth:
With these he will garland the beautiful earth:
Welcome him in!
Welcome him in!"

These were the echoes that rose and fell
With the closing chime of the midnight bell.

SONG OF THE SCIOTE.

UPON our peaceful homes and hills
He looked with glad surprise,
And something joyous seemed to wake
In the proud flash of his eyes.
He watched the summer sunset fade
Along our forest aisles,
And the glory of the parting day
Seemed melting him to smiles.

I thought the loveliness, the light,
And beauty of our shore
Would win him to forgetfulness
Of the memories of yore.
I thought his lips would speak in praise
Of our mountains, vales, and hills,
Of the ancient honors of our land,
Our forests, lakes, and rills.

I told him of the glorious West,
Its prairies fair and wide,
Of the Father-river sweeping on
With a mighty chainless tide.
I sang the brightness of our skies,
The treasures of the mines,
And the wildness of our forest scenes,
"Columbia's rocks and pines."

And when he touched his tuneful harp,
And waked its chords of song,
I thought his dreams could only be
Such pleasant scenes among.
But not of these, oh, not of these,
Was the weary wanderer thinking:
The music-spirit of his soul
At other founts was drinking.

And when each voiceful cell o'erflowed
With sounds of memory's bringing,
Thus for the home of other days
He waked the voice of singing:—

SONG.

Far away o'er the waves
Of the tremulous deep,
By the billow-rocked caves
Where the mermaidens sleep,
There's a beautiful isle in the lap of the sea,
Whose skies ever blossom in glory for me.

As a gem on the breast
Of the goddess of light,
Or a star in the crest
Of the birds of the night,
So slumbers my home mid the foam of the waves
Where falls the soft dew on my forefathers' graves.

Its amber-lit skies,
O'er its valleys of green,
Are bright as the eyes
Of the loveliest queen ;
And sad is the heart of the exile Sciote,
Who treads not its shore, where the sea-breezes float.

There joys never fly
From the love-lighted bowers,
And sweet is the sigh
From the lips of the flowers,
And wild is the war-cry that summons the brave
To the hosts on the field, or the foe on the wave.

Ah! sweet on the hills
Is the voice of the lute,
Or the musical trills
Of the shepherd's low flute;
And dearer by far are their echoes to me
Than ever the land of the exile can be.

He ceased, brushed from his eye a tear,
And every trace of grief was gone;
But, thrilled as with a magic power,
My harp awaked an answering tone;
And wildly from its inmost cells
Flowed tones of mournful melody,
Whose solemn changes oft repeated,
"Dear home, I still remember thee,
My island home beyond the sea."

"EVERY DAY A BURIAL-DAY."

EACH day within our hearts a grave
By unseen hands is made,
A cell by pensive memory shut,
Wherein bright joys are laid;
And Thought, a weeping mourner, comes
To sit beside the tomb,
Where flowers of sweet affection rest,
Nipped in their early bloom.

The wheels of time with noiseless pace
In ceaseless circles move,
And every hour that glides away
Bears something that we love.
Some pearls of thought, or blessed gifts
For which our souls had striven,
Glide daily to the darkening tide,
Like sacred offerings given.

The buds of hope that wake at morn
Are withered ere the eve,
And dreams that bless the noon of day,
At early twilight leave.
There's not a heart that thrills with life
But hath some spectre guest,
A form of pride, or buried love,
That steals away its rest.
Ambitions formed in early youth,
Life's promise fair and bright,
Are the flitting ghosts that walk about
Through the shadows of the night.

They haunt us in the festive hours,
With their voices sad and low,
And breathe an under-tone to joy
In its wild, triumphant flow.
They haunt us till our souls respond
To the sadness of their lay,
Till the music of our heart replies,
"Life is a burial-day."

O BRIGHT GENESEE!

'Tis sweet at the twilight to wander alone
O'er scenes that were hallowed in years which have
 flown ;

'Tis pleasant to steal from the cold world away,
And tread the green hills where the quick breezes
 play ;

But, oh, there's a joy more exquisite to me
In the light of thy waters, O bright Genesee!

The wild winds that wake when the day-beam is o'er
Leave their harps on the willows that bend from thy
 shore,

And rich is the chime of their musical lay,
As its sounds through the woodland enchantingly
 stray ;

But never had music such rapture to me
As the voice of thy waters, O bright Genesee!

Sweet smile of the valley, that, winding afar,
Wears the flame of the sun or the sheen of a star,
"How calm on thy bosom of blue" could I glide,
By thy dew-dripping shores, to the chime of thy
 tide!

While the shadows of care from my spirit would flee
At the sound of thy waters, O bright Genesee!

Thou mirror of beauty, how oft, when a child,
Have I climbed the dark hills, through the deep
 tangled wild,

And, far from the scenes that encircled my home,
Looked down on thy surface, thy fret-work of foam !
And fair as thy waves was the future to me
As I trod thy green borders, O bright Genesee !

But the dreams of my youth, the illusions of glory,
Have perished from earth, like the fame of a story ;
And, weary of phantoms that folly had made,
I turn with delight to thy valley of shade ;
But its shores with their hamlets look strangely to
me,—
All changed, save thy waters, O bright Genesee !

Thou fair, dimpled river, still chainless thou art,
With thy peace-breathing numbers, enchanting my
heart:
How gently its chords could be folded to rest,
In a wave of sweet song, on thy sky-lighted breast,
Where the last notes they utter commingled should
be
With the voice of thy waters, O bright Genesee !

“HOME, SWEET HOME.”

“HOME ! Sweet Home !” I have listened long
To the pleasant strains of the maiden’s song,
Till all around me the soft air thrills
With a joyous sound, as of gushing rills ;

Gayly she sings in her father's halls,
And I hear her voice as it floats and falls,
And mingled with it are tones of mirth
From a gathered group by a lighted hearth.
Sweet is that song to my listening ear
As the first wild hymn of a new-born sphere,
And rich as the lay that the Peri sings
By crystal founts where she folds her wings,
Or as strains that roll with seraphic fire
Down the golden strings of an "Eden-lyre."
Sing, maiden fair! on thy sunny brow
I see no sorrow; sing gayly now.
There lies no shade in thy eyes of blue,
Care hath not darkened their gentle hue;
Thy heart beats free as the wild gazelle's
When he drinks the dew of the mountain-wells;
And well mayst thou echo that melting lay
In the sunny halls where thy sisters play.
Thine eye, whence flashes the light of mirth,
Looks not, as mine, on a lonely hearth;
I hear a murmur thou canst not hear,—
A mournful pleading, a voice of fear;
I see a phantom thou canst not see,—
A shattered bark on a storm-rocked sea.
'Tis strange that grief hath the power to lift
The veil of the future,—oh, fearful gift!
Is it not enough that our heart-strings sway
To the haunting tones of a mournful lay?
Must we inly bow to the dreams that lie
In the full deep voices of prophecy,

And read the record of darker hours
In the sun's bright smile and the blush of flowers?
Must we ever sway, like a wind-rocked leaf,
To the blighting breath of a new-born grief,
And feel, when we thrill to the songs of mirth,
That a sadder part is our lot on earth?
Oh that the charm of a holy spell
In the deep shrines of the soul might dwell,
And hush the lays that unbidden start
From the sibyl cells of a mournful heart!
"Home! Sweet Home!" 'tis a thrilling song,
And wakened by it are feelings strong,
Feelings too deep for the gay to know,
The heart's sealed fountains, a voiceless woe!
Unlocked, unbound, by that melting lay,
The full, high current of thought finds way,
Till the gushing springs of the heart o'erflow
With a sudden gush of their waves below.
O'er many a heart hath its music rolled
With a living power and a charm untold.
For some it wakens a pleasant dream
Of a cherished home by a quiet stream,
Where Love looks in with her sunny eye,
And winged with pleasure the hours fly by,
While not a breath from the world unkind
May grieve or fetter the tranquil mind.
But, oh, to others its echo brings
The deepening shadow of darker things,—
A painful vision, a phantom throng
Of wasting sorrows and pains and wrong!

The homeless, the wanderers, those who dwell
In lane and alley, or prison-cell,—
Those whom Vice, with her winning arts,
Had bound to them by their human hearts,
Till all unmasked to their homes she came,
A ruthless spoiler, with want and shame,—
Oh, what to them is that music high,
But the conquering spirit of agony,
Calling up from their soul's abyss
The faded visions of former bliss?
The song is hushed, and the maiden gone,
But its tuneful echoes will still ring on ;
They have lent a tone to the sweeping air,
Soft as the treading of angels there ;
Its murmurs rise through the greenwood halls,
From the dark pine groves, with their fretted walls,
In crowded mart, and in valley green,
Wherever the dwellings of men have been ;
There, with the power of a deathless sway,
Hath passed the sound of that olden lay.

“Home! Sweet Home!” ’tis a simple song,
But it fetters the weak and subdues the strong ;
And evermore will its flute-notes low
With the sweeping sound of the wind-harp flow.

LINES TO LIDA,

DEDICATING HER ALBUM.

As on this page, so fair and white,
A friendly offering now I write,
So on thy soul may love and truth
Their angel-scripture trace in youth ;
And may the years that round thee fall
Leave pictures in thy spirit-hall
More radiant far than these that shine
Within this souvenir of thine.
May humble prayer and grateful praise
Breathe o'er thy heart their grateful lays,
And thoughts that wake at their control
Be guests within thy earnest soul.
Thus wilt thou shun the witching spells
Of "Folly with her cap and bells,"
And, safely led by Wisdom's ray,
Tread meekly thy appointed way.
And as to Friendship's sacred shrine
I dedicate this book of thine,
So may the treasures of thy heart,
With all that forms the immortal part,
Be guarded well as gifts divine,
Sent thee to brighten and refine.
Thus wilt thou bear thy precious load,
Love-lit and shining, back to God.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.

O YOUTH, when tempting thoughts intrude
On your hours of solitude,
Ere by them you are subdued,

Drive them back :

Closely walk in Virtue's track ;
Drive, oh, drive the tempters back !

Though they set your heart aflame
With the hope of wealth or fame,
If you have no honest claim,

Drive them back :

Firmly tread in Virtue's track ;
Drive, oh, drive the tempters back.
Better far an humble name
Than a life of inward shame.

On life's tented battle-field,
Be your heart with courage steeled,
And if fear should whisper, " Yield,"

Drive it back :

Honor shows a shining track ;
Drive each coward impulse back.

Never yield the right to wrong ;
Bravely sing the olden song,—
" Right must triumph, truth is strong :"

Drive them back,

All the fears that seek your track,—
Drive, oh, drive them firmly back.

Think not all of life is gain,
Greed of it the golden grain,
Fitting food for heart and brain :

Drive it back :

Drive the fiend from off your track ;
It doth something always lack :
Oh, then, drive the tempter back.

Ere it steals away yourself,
Barters wealth of soul for pelf,
Turns your porcelain to delf,

Drive it back :

Walk in manhood's nobler track,
Drive each miser impulse back.

Wrinkled, haggard, stern, and cold
Are the worshippers of gold,
Who, when prematurely old,
Find the wealth for which they've wrought
But a bauble dearly bought.

Do no ill that good may come ;
Never sing, "The harvest's home !"
When from fields where truth is won,
Ere your daily task is done,
You with sluggard footsteps roam,
Bearing stubble to your home.

Rise, O youth, at early morn,
When the golden light is born ;
Rise, and, with a grateful prayer,
Thank the Father for his care,

For the love and for the power
Shielding in the midnight hour ;
Thank him, too, for peace and rest,
For each joy that thrills your breast,
And no less for care and pain,
For the sunshine and the rain,
For the loss that may be gain ;
For there nothing is in vain.
Ask him, then, to guide you still,
Teach you how to do his will,
And to guard you through the day,
Show you wisdom's shining way ;
Then go forth to honest toil
In the workshop or the soil,
Feeling that this nobler plan
Elevates and blesses man,
Singing in your heart the song
Of a spirit brave and strong,
Saying, while you firmly tread
In the paths by Duty led,
Better far a crust of bread
Than a body over-fed,
Than a soul to mammon wed,
Or a heart to virtue dead ;
Better, too, an humble name
Than a life of inward shame.

NOT ALONE, O GERMAN MOTHER.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE WIFE AND MOTHER OF
COLONEL ELIAS PEISSNER, A GERMAN HERO, WHO WAS
KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Not alone, O German mother,
Not alone, O loving wife,
Are you left to journey onward
In the weary march of life.

Not alone, O sorrowing children,
Not alone, O friends of earth !
Are you left by those who wander
Where the streams of life have birth.

Loving angels, ever watchful,
Throng the battlements on high ;
Myriads, from their heights descending,
Walk the star-steps of the sky.

Every day they glide about us,
In our very paths they tread ;
With them, lo ! the loved and lost ones
Whom we falsely call the dead.

Clothed in radiant life and beauty,
Blossoms of their being here,
Over every fear victorious,
Lo ! their risen forms appear.

Of they come on noiseless pinions,
From the Summer Land of Souls,
And their love-light, on us beaming,
With our thought's free currents rolls.

Often round our paths they linger
In the twilight dim and drear,
Watching every pulse of feeling,
Knowing every sob and tear.

Thus the husband, son, and father,
Who for Freedom nobly died,
Loving wife and patient mother,
Reappears to be your guide.

With the darling who before him*
Glided to the "Morning Land,"
Of he comes, and at your portals,
Lo! two smiling angels stand.

Blessings in their hearts they bear you,
Loving messages of truth,
Flowers of thought that spring eternal
On the fadeless shores of youth.

Oh, receive them, oh, believe them,
Though they come on viewless wing!
Listen to your own hearts' beating,
And in chorus hear them sing:—

* In allusion to a young daughter of Colonel P., whose death occurred previous to his.

“Not alone, O German mother,
Not alone, O loving wife,
Are you left to travel onward
In the weary march of life.

“We are with you, we are with you ;
List the words in rapture said ;
Clothed in light we walk beside you,
In the very paths you tread.

“I, the husband, son, and father,
She, our darling one who died
Only in the outward seeming,
That we each might have a guide.

“I have found her : she is with me,
Singing of the founts of life,
Striving from my soul to banish
Every shade of mortal strife.

“Pure as lily-bells that slumber
In a valley green and fair,
Sweet as songs from wind-harps shaken,
All her thoughts and feelings are.

“Soft as sound of rose-leaves dropping
Is her gentle, child-like tread ;
Fragrant, full of love's aroma,
Is her influence round me shed.

“She has shown me joys supernal,
Life whose lamps immortal burn,—

Taught me how, as blessing angels,
We may to the loved return.

“Thus we come to thee, O mother,
Thus to thee, O loving wife,
Keeping watch and guard about you
In the weary march of life.

“Through God’s boundless love permitted,
With a shining band we come,
Bringing words of peace and comfort
To your sorrow-haunted home.

“Oh, receive them, oh, believe them,
Though they fall upon your ear
Noiselessly as falls a snow-flake
Through your hazy atmosphere.

“When a holy calm steals o’er you,
And your heart-strings thrill with prayer,
You may know it is our presence
Lighting up your clouds of care.

“Every time you meet together
In the twilight still and dim,
Angel harps and angel voices
Help to swell your evening hymn.

“In your hours of rest or labor,
Still as night-dews in their fall,
Comes our blessing, while above us
God’s dear love is over all.”

MY MOTHER.

My mother's a beautiful spirit, and her home is the
holy Evangel's ;
There she feels neither sorrow nor pain, and treads
not the path of the weary.
Years ago, in the bud of my being, I knew her a
radiant mortal,
But the house of her soul decayed, and she fled from
the crumbling mansion,
And over the sea of eternity, bridged by the hands
of the angels,
Uniting the links of belief with the golden chain of
repentance,
She passed, with the torch of prayer, to the opposite
shore in safety,
Where, crowned with the garlands of love, she
mounted the steps of the city.
And the angels of Mercy and Truth, keeping watch
at the heavenly portals,
Beheld her approach from afar, and flung open the
pearly partitions ;
With songs and with loud hallelujahs they welcomed
the earth-ransomed stranger,
And guided her steps, till she stood on the brink of
the Life-giving fountain,
Where, tasting its Lethean waters, all joys of the
world were forgotten,

Save the beautiful bloom of the soul,—the love in
the heart of the mother.
This, the light of her life upon earth, now budded
and blossomed in heaven,
Stately and fair it towered, and the hue of its leaves
was immortal.
Strong tendrils grew out from each bough, and twined
round the chords of her spirit,
While the zephyrs of Paradise played and toyed with
the delicate branches,
Till each leaf like a harp-string swayed, and mur-
mured in strains *Æolian*,
And oft with their musical numbers reminded the
wondering mother
Of the flowers she had left in the desert,—her weary
and sorrowing children.
In their half-open leaflets she read the pledge of
her glorious mission,
And rejoiced that her love should gather those
earthly buds to her bosom.
The angels beheld her with gladness rise up on those
radiant pinions
Which float on the air like a sunbeam, and rival the
doves in their fleetness.

Oh, my mother's a beautiful spirit, and her home is
the holy *Evangel's*;
But she comes on her soft-floating pinions to look
for her earth-bound children.

She comes, and the hearts that were weary no longer
remember their sorrow
In their joy that the lost is returned, our beloved
and radiant mother !
She comes, and our spirits rejoice, for we know she's
our guardian angel,
O'er our journey in life keeping watch, and giving
us gentle caresses.
She comes, she comes, with the light when it opens
the gates of the morning,
And her voice is our music by night, of perils and
storms giving warning.
Her robes are of delicate pink,—sweet emblem of
holy affection,—
And twined o'er her radiant brow are the amaranth-
blossoms of heaven.
She smiles, and the light of her smiles bringeth joy
in our seasons of darkness ;
She whispers, and soft are the zephyrs that echo her
musical numbers,
As they waft o'er the chords of our being her thrill-
ing and fervent emotions.
We listen to her in our sorrow, and yield to each
gentle impression,
Till pleasant to us is the path leading down to the
rushing river ;
O'er the swift-rolling current of death we shall pass
to the homes of the spirits,
And, waiting beside the still waters, our mother will
be there to greet us ;

With songs she will welcome our coming, and fold
us to rest on her bosom,
And teach us, like lisping children, to murmur the
language of heaven!

Oh, my mother's a beautiful spirit, and her home is
the holy Evangel's;
But she comes on the pinions of love, to watch o'er
her sorrowing children.
She comes, and the shadows depart, as we thrill to
her gentle caresses.
Our Father in Heaven, we bless thee that our
mother's our Guardian Angel!

SKELETON LEAVES.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. WM. R. BROWN.

O FAIRY-LIKE, delicate, beautiful leaves,
That the magic of Art with dexterity weaves,
I have gazed on your forms, and remembered them
 long,
Till I feel in my heart the quick pulse of a song,
That leaps into life like a musical rill
That winds down the slope of a neighboring hill;
Now over rough rocks, see, it eddies and whirls:
Thus thoughts to my soul come, like clustering pearls,
And, dissolved into music, go singing along,
Flinging light o'er the trace-marks of sorrow and
 wrong.

 Delicate leaves! beautiful leaves!
A new inspiration my spirit receives
In the joy of your presence, O skeleton leaves!

Here's the leaf of a maple, that fluttered and swayed
On a spray where the wild squirrels chattered and
 played;
Here's the ghost of a thistle, that toyed with the
 breeze
And nodded its head to its lovers the bees,
Then, blushing, looked up to the giants of trees
In whose boughs piped the winds that swept over
 the seas;

Here the fern and the willow their graces combine,
And the laurel and crape-myrtle sweetly entwine:
Though dead, yet in beauty they rise to my view,
Still perfect in all save their emerald hue.

Delicate leaves! beautiful leaves!
I dream of a cottage with rose-shaded leaves
When I look on your beauty, O skeleton leaves!

No longer way-weary or worn with the strife
That comes in the march or the battle of life,
My soul spurns the earth like a sky-loving lark,
That with its own music soars out of the dark,
And up in the regions where beauty is born
Dips its free wings in the light of the morn.
Thus, flinging gay songs on the tremulous air,
I quit the dull scenes of my labor and care,
And again, in my fancy a frolicsome child,
I climb the steep mountains or roam through the wild.

Delicate leaves! beautiful leaves!
All sounds that disturb me, or discord that grieves,
Are hushed in your presence, O skeleton leaves!

Emblems of purity, gossamer forms,
Light hath not made you, but darkness and storms;
For ne'er in the smiles of the summer alone
Could ye to such marvellous beauty have grown.
Wild winds have rocked you, and death and decay
Have mournfully said to you, "Passing away."
Ye have withered, and faded, and languished in
gloom;
But up from the shades that envelop the tomb

Ye have risen again to a newness of life
Whose whiteness was won from the waters of strife.

Delicate leaves! beautiful leaves!
A new aspiration my spirit receives
In the light of your presence, O skeleton leaves!

It is to be like you while here upon earth,—
Like you in giving forth lessons of worth.
But, ah! while I ask it with faltering breath,
And pray to be like you in life and in death,
A voice of response seems to rise from the vase,
From each leaf that is saying, in beauty and grace,
O Spirit, if we in our limited sphere
In such wonderful brightness and bloom may
appear,

Oh, what may not thou, the immortal, become
In the radiant bowers of an infinite home?

Delicate leaves! beautiful leaves!
A lesson of wisdom my spirit receives
In the light of your presence, O skeleton leaves!

Like you we must fade, if like you we would shine,
Nor fear to be wounded, or torn from the vine;
For our souls must be bleached by the winds and
the storms,

And made white with the truth, like your beautiful
forms.

Oh, then, when the fountains of grief overflow,
And we know that the flowers of our love lie below,

Let us hope while in darkness and death they remain

They may lose every trace of mortality's stain,
And rise to a life that fresh beauty receives
From the waters of strife, like the skeleton leaves!

Delicate leaves! beautiful leaves!
I cherish the lesson my spirit receives,
And rejoice in your presence, O skeleton leaves!

THE ARTIST AND THE ANGEL.

NEAR an ancient gray cathedral,
In the shadow of its door,
Leaning on a marble statue,
That the star-light floated o'er,
With his hands crossed on his bosom,
Stood an artist pale and poor,—
Stood a lone and pensive artist,
Looking through the open door.
In the twilight lone and dreary,
Seeming very sad and weary,
Stood he there, and watched the flowing,
The unceasing, rapid flowing,
Of the restless river Thought,
On whose dim and distant borders
Gloomy shapes kept watch as warders,

Waving back the dreams elysian
And the blessed angel-vision
That had been his guest before.

In and out the stately temple,
All its solemn aisles along,
Thither come to praise and worship,
Passed a joyous living throng,
While around them waves of music
Floated on the evening air,
And the pealing organ-anthem
Mingled with the voice of prayer.
None but he seemed lone and dreary,
Only he was sad and weary,
He, the artist pale and poor,
Looking through the open door,—
Looking, and yet nothing seeing,
In the restless tides of being,
That could give a ray of gladness
To the gloomy sea of sadness
That around him seemed to roll,
Nothing that could lift the shadow,
The black shadow, from his soul.

Naphtha-lamps above the altar
Shed afar their mellow glow,
And the flame of waxen tapers
Lighted up the scene below ;
Over sacred shrine and chancel
Clouds of wreathing incense hung,

And a golden arc gave token

Where the fragrant censer swung.

Eyes there were in wonder gazing,

Lips the rosy splendor praising,

Hearts to whom an outward beauty

Answered for the inward duty :

So they coldly passed each other,

Coldly passed the lonely brother,

Passed the artist pale and poor,

Looking through the open door,—

Looking, and yet nothing seeing,

On the tidal seas of being,

That could give his bosom peace,—

Nothing that could bid the tumult,

His wild spirit-tumult, cease.

Still he stood as marble statue,

That the starlight shimmered o'er,

Till the wavering mellow moonbeams

Chased his shadow from the door,—

Till in silver rills the moonbeams,

That from ether fountains pour,

Far through tinted windows streaming,

Flecked the tessellated floor.

Still he stood out in the starlight,

In the pale uncertain moonlight,

Stood beside the marble statue,

Till himself another statue

Seemed, as pulseless as the stone.

And, to flee life's bitter woe,

Half he wished it might *be* so;

For no picture saw he, other
Than a suffering wife and mother,
And the demon dark and dread
Who denied them daily bread.

Midnight trailed her starry kirtle
O'er the sky's cerulean dome,
And the bells of the cathedral
Chimed the chorus, "Home! Sweet Home!"
Pleasant were its changing echoes,
Heard by many a household throng,
But the artist's heart they wakened
To a maddening sense of wrong.
Then his spirit rose up strongly,
And he argued loud, but wrongly,
With the phantom that pursued him,
The dark phantom named Sorrow,
Who, with sense of vision dim,
At the threshold of the morrow,
Sat and drew her thread of sable
Through his life's unwritten fable,
While from out the world's great babel
Mournful voices to him called,
Till his stout soul, grief-appalled,
Saw no shape or picture, other
Than the suffering wife and mother,
And a hearthstone drear and cold,
Cheerless for the lack of gold.

Like the pulses of the ocean
Throbbing when the wind is strong,
Swelled the tide of his emotion,
Rolling outward into song.
“God!” he cried, “are these thy altars?—
This the house of thy abode,
Where, in sweet and winning accents,
Truth reveals her heavenly code?
Is it here thy children worship,—
Here thy loving children worship?
Would they with a smile or tear
Greet the dear, all-pitying Saviour,
Should he in their midst appear?
Pale and sorrowing, weak or poor,
Would they meet him at the door,—
Smiling greet him at the door?
Would they pity his distress,
Seek to comfort, cheer, and bless,
Should they see him pale and poor,
Looking through the open door?

“God! are they our human brothers
Who in pomp and pride adore
While the homeless poor are starving
In the shadow of their door?
Theirs are living temples, fashioned
By thy own Almighty Hand,
At whose shrine a lovely Priestess,
An immortal priestess, stands.
Stores have they of thought and feeling,
Dreams the truths of heaven revealing,

Fairest pictures of the heart,
Painted by no human art ;
Yet no blissful light falls on them,
No sweet light of love falls on them,
But they stand all desolate,
Scarred, and drear, and desolate,
As a lone and ruined shrine,
Or a lightning-blasted pine.
Lo! in wretchedness they wander,
Houseless, weary, sad, and poor,
Body, heart, and soul all starving,
By the gray cathedral door!

“God! if e’er the loving angels
In their wanderings reach our sphere,
What, oh, what must be the records
Traced in sorrowing wonder here?
Pausing at the stately portals
Of the house where men adore,
Ah! I seem to hear them question,
What’s the sign above their door?
And I answer,—answer truly,—
Though I much the task deplore;
List, and I will tell you truly
What the sign is o’er their door:—
‘Prayer and praise, each heavenward passion,
Tutored here by creed and fashion,’
Is the sign above their door,
Is the strange inscription written
O’er the gray cathedral door!

“ Art, O lovely Art ! sweet Mother,
Unto many a vision dear,
Vain it is, all vain, to woo me
With thy dreams of beauty here.
Oh, then, smile no more upon me ;
Take, take back thy splendid gifts ;
Lo ! my soul, all worn and helpless,
Down a stream of darkness drifts.
Like a shattered bark all helpless,
Down a darkening tide it drifts,
And I linger, faint and weary,
Watching while the phantom dreary,
The dark phantom, that pursues me,
Paints his pictures on my brain ;
Gloomy, dark, unlovely pictures
Paints he on my heart and brain,
Till the lovely ones I cherished
All have perished, all have perished,
And I see no picture, other
Than a suffering wife and mother.
And the demon dark and dread
Who denies them daily bread.”

Thus beside the gray cathedral,
In the shadow of its door,
Leaning on a marble statue
That the starlight floated o'er,
With his hands crossed on his bosom,
Sang an artist pale and poor,
Sang a lone and pensive artist,
Looking through the open door,

Till, as he stood wildly weaving
All his fancies into grieving,
Suddenly a strange sensation,
Of another's heart-pulsation,
All responsive in its tone,
And yet calmer than his own,
Thrilled him to the inmost soul,
And a vision on him stole
Radiant as the young Aurora.
“ 'Tis,” he whispered, “ Angel Ora !”*

She had been his guest before.
To his side she softly nestled,
With his heavy grief she wrestled,
Till the dark, unlovely phantom,
With its melancholy lore,
Fled, and left him, at his bidding,
As his shadow left the door.

Standing where the mellow moonbeams
Kissed the ripples of her hair
And in silver rills went floating
Over neck and bosom fair,
Smiled she then so sweetly on him,
And her face such brightness wore,
That he thought no human being
E'er had guest so fair before.
Eyes with softest azure beaming,
With the love-light from them streaming,

* “ Ora,” a Latin word, signifying, “ Pray thou.”

Brow as radiant as the pearl,
Shining through each golden curl,
Lips whose ruby ray seemed born
On the mountain-tips at morn,
Cheeks like early rose-leaves glowing,
Robes in wavy outlines flowing,—
Thus her perfect beauty stole
On the weary artist's soul,
While, with voice like that of Flora,
When she greets the young Aurora,
Bird-like, warbled angel Ora:—
“ Artist lone, and artist weary,
Watching at the midnight dreary,
I have heard thy heart's low sighing,
Spirit chord to chord replying,
Heard the cry thy bosom rending,
And, on viewless wings descending
Through the hazy atmosphere
Of thy soul's o'ershadowing fear,
Lo! I come to bless thee here.
Wouldst thou know a sweet relief,
A nepenthe for thy grief?
Listen, listen while I sing:
Holy truths to thee I bring,
And my living 'presence-beams,'
Shining on the turbid streams
Of thy darkest, saddest dreams,
In unceasing rills shall dart
Sweetest sunshine to thy heart.

“ Art thou called by God to labor
In his vineyard day by day ?
Let thy noblest instincts guide thee :
They will surely point the way.
Every dream of beauty gliding
Through the temple of thy heart
Is a token of thy duty,—
Speaks thy fellowship with Art.
Oh, then, cease thy vain repining,
Thought to thought in sadness twining :
‘ Darkest clouds have silver lining.’
Wouldst thou give thy dreams expression,
Noble, fitting, true expression ?
Wouldst thou life’s great wrongs subdue ?
Be thou patient, strong, and true.
Patience guards the crown of merit ;
Brave hearts only win and wear it,
Only brave hearts shall inherit ;
Pleasures deep and self-renewing,
Lovely gifts, of lovely doing,
All may win, the right pursuing.
Courage, then, O lonely artist,
Be not by dumb grief appalled :
They who bravely toil and suffer
Are the hero-hearted called.
Trust in God : thy human brothers
All are working out his plan ;
He will yet reveal his wisdom
In the true and ‘ perfect man.’

Age to age repeats the story,
Earth shall yet be crowned with glory ;
Here, in circling years to come,
Love shall make her Eden-home,
And celestial music rise
Out of life's inharmonies.
Ah, then, let Faith unveil her face ;
She hath a beaming, angel-face,
And they who win her smiles can trace
In every ill some good intent,
A needed lesson kindly sent,
That, with a sense of duty done,
A strength of purpose daily won,
Will lead you to that calm content
In which the joys of heaven are blent
Even in this lower state.
So trust, and in the goodly kingdom,
In the beautiful Hereafter,
You the cause shall know, and purpose,
Of each drear and wild disaster
That hath swept your being o'er ;
And the griefs you now deplore
Will, like lamps of love and gladness,
Gleam along the spirit-shore,
Gleam as nothing gleamed before,
Giving light for evermore."

Thus discoursing, angel Ora
Lingered till the young Aurora

At the orient gates gave warning
Of the gold and purple morning;
And her words so sweetly spoken,
To the weary artist spoken,
O'er his spirit dropped like balm,
And a sweet, most heavenly calm,
Dove-like, sat upon his soul,
Nestling there as if the goal
Of his highest hopes were won ;
And he homeward turned with laughter
At the rising of the sun ;
And his heart was never after
Conquered by unkind disaster ;
Never more at midnight dreary,
Seeming very sad and weary,
Sang the artist pale and poor,
Sang the lone and pensive artist,
By the gray cathedral door.

THE END.

